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# MORNINGS AT MATLOCK.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, BART.,

WHOSE ENLIGHTENED KNOWLEDGE

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE HIGHER WALK OF ART

(WHICH ARE THOSE OF TRUTH AND NATURE,)

HAS ENABLED HIM TO APPRECIATE,

AND URGED HIM TO POSSESS,

THE SHAKSPERIAN EMBODIMENTS OF

OUR SCULPTOR, LOUGH,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

May 1, 1850.

*Mr. Wesley 31 Mar 53 Christ = 30*  
*Mr. Wesley 29 Apr 53*



C O N T E N T S

O F

T H E F I R S T V O L U M E.

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	PAGE
INTRODUCTION .....	1
I.	
ENSIGN SIMMONDS, OF THE TENTH.....	14
II.	
THE BUSH GUINEA .....	29
III.	
LE MILLIONAIRE MALGRÉ LUI .....	40
IV.	
TRESSILIAN'S STORY .....	73
V.	
VELASQUEZ AND HIS MESTIZO.....	145
VI.	
A NIGHT WITH BURNS.....	182

	VII.	PAGE
THE PHRENOLOGIST .....		205
	VIII.	
THE "COMPOSER OF POETRY" .....		230
	IX.	
THE BARD O'KELLY .....		260
	X.	
THE GREAT WILL CAUSE.....		281

# MORNINGS AT MATLOCK.

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## INTRODUCTION.

ON a fine May morning, some years ago, I had walked over from Chesterfield to Matlock, and, however pleasant it may be to talk and write of a pedestrian journey of twelve miles, through a romantic district, the greater pleasure is, when the wearying walk is ended, and you have settled down into an amalgamation of coolness and repose, to take your ease in your inn, and there personally experience the "warmest welcome" to an excellent break-

fast. Philosophers may speculate as they please upon the fact—for fact it very unquestionably is—that in a country inn, even with the most delicate, it would seem

“As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on.”

Fancy, then, how appetizing a walk of twelve miles must have been to a gentleman in rude health!—But this is a tender memory which should be kept in some secret hiding-place of the mind, nor exposed to the rude breath of a prosaic world.

Matlock, it may be stated, is *not* the place noted for its medicinal waters. What the public generally know by that name, is actually Matlock Bath, about two miles north-east of the village. Matlock Bath is a pretty place, peculiar in its aspect,—and full of picturesque points. A local writer has thus sketched it:—“The huge bulk of Masson is hollowed out to receive within it a lovely village, rising terrace above terrace, and villa after villa, sheltered within little clumps of sycamores or fruit



trees : the heights of Abraham crowning the lovely picture. The swollen Derwent dashing over its rocky bed, hemmed in by the ever verdant banks which enclose the Lovers' Walk—over which rise the umbrageous woods—while from among them the basaltic rocks rear their time-furrowed heads and ivyed battlements in every varied and fantastic form. There stands the village church, as if guarding the sweet scene. Beyond, the lawn of the Old Bath Hotel and its sparkling fountain, one almost hid from view by the gay crowds which throng it, and, further on, the parade is studded with groups of the fair and the noble of the land."

Matlock is indeed all that is thus described—and more. The Derwent flows on, sometimes with a rapid rush, through a narrow channel, with musical murmur as it dashes over the rocky fragments from the cliffs above, and then, when it widens, gently expanding until you see it, clear and unruffled, mirroring on its surface the trees, which luxuriantly overhang it. On one side of the ravine stands

Matlock Bath, with the houses scattered on the side of the slope, here and there in picturesque disarrangement. On the opposite side of the river, vast masses of naked rocks are contiguous to other eminences, scarcely less exalted, some of which are covered with green turf, some crowned with clumps of leafy trees. The familiar and the sublime are strangely mingled here ; trim cottages, neat shops, sumptuous hotels, and gravelled walks appearing scarcely in accordance with scenes where nature has been lavish of her wildest beauty. The very nomenclature of the show-places burlesques the Romantic. In spite of all, Matlock is beautiful and unique.

My recollection of the place, however, is very dim and general. I remember that, with several other unfortunates of both sexes, I was dragged into divers caverns, which I was told *ought* to be admired, because the Romans had formerly got ore out of them ; that they gleamed very prettily for a moment, when twopenny-worth of fireworks were let off to exhibit the sparry lustre of their stalactites ; that we were de-

sired not to pass here, because it led to nowhere, and not to think of venturing there, as it ended in a fathomless abyss of water; that each guide pertinaciously insisted on the vast superiority of *his* mine or cavern over all others; that we were allowed, at last, to emerge into the fresh air and gaze up at High Tor, through which a railway tunnel has since been scooped; that we were duly marched to the summit of the Heights of Abraham, whence, indeed, the view is so beautiful that even the nuisance of a garrulous guide was unheeded at the moment; that, descending from this elevation, we were conducted to the Petrifying Wells, which, like those at Knaresborough, speedily cover all articles placed therein with an abundant deposit of carbonate of lime, so as to form complete incrustations; that some of us obtained specimens of articles so incrustated, which, no doubt, were thrown away within two hours after; and that, having seen all the sights (including the museums, which are really worth an express journey to Matlock, so extensive and beautiful are their supplies of native

minerals), a few of us, grouping together, determined to be independent of guides for the future, and to observe and admire for ourselves. So we walked from place to place (the quaint little church of St. Giles, in Matlock village, standing on the very verge of a tall rock, appearing to us worth all the regulation show places); and soon became friendly. Thus we leisurely visited the High Tor, with the Derwent winding at its base, while, over-head, the huge bulk of rock towers like a perpendicular wall, vast, bare, and weather-beaten. We ascended the Masson height, on the opposite side, the view from which, though it includes a cotton-mill and a weir, is a favourite with the Matlock visitors. We sauntered on, by Cromford Bridge, over the Derwent, towards Willersley Castle, built by Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny, who reclaimed from the wild and rocky moor-land the gardens which now are the admiration of that part of the world. We ascended the Wild Cat Tor, and thence, looking northward, had a view, such as cannot be surpassed in England, perhaps, in its

blending the grand and the familiar. We then scrambled down to the Lovers' Walk, which margins the Derwent to the east. We entrusted ourselves to the boats which were in waiting to carry us across the river; and after all this loitering, returned to the hostelry, 'yclept the New Bath Hotel, at which, as it chanced, all of our little party were staying.

Thrown thus together, in this fortuitous manner, we arrived at the very un-English resolution of being sociable (albeit not formally "introduced" to each other), of enjoying common sitting and refreshment rooms, of forming, in fact, one party for the time. None of us intended making a long stay,—it is odd, by the way, that so few visitors do remain more than a few days at Matlock. As birds of passage, therefore, we determined to enjoy ourselves while we could, and how we could. Such, we afterwards heard, had been the good old custom at Matlock, even within the last sixty years. There were fewer visitors then, but such as came remained for some months, and



lived sociably together during their visit,—dining in common, having dances and cards in the evening, and forming one agreeable community. We had never met until that day,—we might never meet again,—why not enjoy ourselves, when there was the opportunity? There might have been solemn dignity in each man's sitting by himself, over his solitary repast, but there was enjoyment, rational as well as pleasant, in joining company as we did, and sociably chatting until midnight.

At first, our party was small. The most noticeable was a tall, handsome man, of about forty, whose erect carriage, easy manners, and bronzed countenance, indicated that he had seen much of the world. Nor were we in error in surmising, after having been half an hour in his society, that he was a military man. We learnt, indeed, that he was now on the half-pay, and had borne the rank of Major in the line.

Another of our company was an Artist, travelling, like Dr. Syntax, of happy memory,

“in search of the picturesque.” He had an extraordinary facility in sketching; and whatever caught his attention—tree, rock, or ruin,—stream, valley, or mountain,—man, woman, or child—was rapidly and faithfully dashed off in a few spirited touches of his pencil, and carefully treasured up. With a strong feeling for the Beautiful, he also had a remarkable appreciation of the Ludicrous, and, as a caricaturist, he would have been unequalled, had he yielded to the temptation of exercising his talents in that ephemeral but popular line. In those days, however, “Punch” was not. Our artist (who now writes R. A. after his name) must figure in these pages by the *nom de guerre* of Crayon. He had seen varieties of life in many countries, had read much, and had been a close observer of men and things wherever he went. There was a heartiness in his nature which was irresistible; indeed, it was at his suggestion that we agreed to make one party at the inn.

There was an Author, who, having just seen

his annual work of fiction through the press—in those days, novels and romances had a considerable sale—had come into the country to unbend the bow. He was a gentleman of pleasing manners, much information, and great personal knowledge of literary men. We found him unaffected, and singularly free from anything like envy. He recognised the Artist: they met like old friends in the country, though both confessed, laughingly, that, in London, theirs had hitherto been little more than a mere bowing acquaintance. When there is occasion to name him, this personage must be known in these pages as Mr. Butler.

The fourth would never forgive me, if I omitted to introduce him:—otherwise, with the modest assurance which appeared so much a part of his nature, that no one ever thought of blaming him for sometimes exercising it, he certainly would have made a point of introducing himself. This was an Irishman, with high, but not boisterous spirits, and good nature in every word and look. He was “full of fun,”—joking on everything, and



exciting mirth with apparently little effort. Mr. Moran was a strange compound of mind and matter; he was a good scholar, but endeavoured to appear as if he had never opened a book. He could converse well with every man on the subject best known to the party with whom he was speaking. He knew nearly as much about pictures and painting, as the artist; his legends and short rapid narratives might have been profitably expanded by the author; and the Major averred, that he had the whole "History of the Wars of Europe," at his fingers' ends. He was free, careless, good-humoured, intelligent, as yet on the sunny side of thirty, and no one could be in his company for five minutes without feeling convinced that he was likely to achieve high reputation in whatever he attempted. In less than two years from the time I first met him, he had ceased to be,—he was a candidate for an Irish county, in the Election of 1835, and was suddenly taken off, by a neglected cold, which turned to inflammation of the chest, just as, all his wild oats sown,

he was about to commence an active career in politics.

With the four whom I have thus rapidly introduced, there was a fifth—and I scarcely know how to describe *him*. Let it suffice, that he now holds the pen. At that time, he conducted a newspaper in the county of which Matlock is the gem, and the impertinence of mentioning him here, should not have been committed, were it not that but for his shorthand notes, the novelettes and legends which follow, would have been preserved imperfectly—or not at all!

We had dined, and were lingering over our wine and dessert, when a batch of new arrivals was announced. The Artist, who seemed to know everybody, saw, as they alighted, that he knew these, and hastened to receive and welcome them. He told them what a social party had collected, and in our name, invited them to join us. The invitation was accepted, and, in a short time, our party was augmented by two ladies and a gentleman. They consisted of Sir Julian and

Lady Tressilian, and a friend of theirs, whom we heard addressed as Lady Morton, by the Major—whose recognition, I could see, was not very calmly received by her.

In the course of the evening, some conversation having arisen as to the eccentricities which are occasionally met with in various ranks of life, the Major stated that he believed he could remember a friend's adventures, which had terminated very happily, owing to the eccentric notions of a well-known original in a neighbouring town. It required little persuasion to tempt him to relate the anecdote, and, accordingly, he told it to us, in manner such as I now endeavour to repeat it:—

## I

ENSIGN SIMMONDS, OF THE TENTH.

---

When railway travelling was undreamt of, and mail coaches were "alone in their glory," the ancient and sooty town of Sheffield rejoiced in the possession of an inhabitant, named Mr. Samuel Peach. To have enquired for him, however, by *that* appellation, would have been next to useless. Not only in Sheffield, but throughout the length and breath of the three Ridings of Yorkshire, he was known, and familiarly spoken of, as "Sam Peach, of the Angel coach-office," just as people speak of "Tom Waddell, of the Hen and Chickens, at Birmingham," or "Isaac Taylor, of the Lion, at Shrewsbury."

Eccentric in many things, yet with a dash of quiet humour, and a most catholic spirit of humanity in his nature, was this same Sam Peach. He was wealthy, of course, for eccentricity is too great a luxury for a poor man to indulge in. Of the importance of his position, as autocrat of the mail and stage coaches which travelled to and from Sheffield, he had a high opinion. Not having any connexion with the Statistical Society, it would be impossible to state, with the requisite fulness and particularity of detail, how many of these coaches he possessed—how many horses he had “on the road,”—how many quarters of oats, and loads of hay, his cattle annually consumed—how many miles *per diem* his carriages travelled—to how many families his calling gave bread. Enough is it to say, that Sam Peach, engrossing the “conveyancing department” in and from Sheffield, was considered a very wealthy personage—the rather, perhaps, because he studiously avoided the display of riches. He had purchased some land in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, extensive enough

to be called an estate. He always spoke of it as "the farm," though the house he had erected thereon, was of sufficiently imposing appearance and extent, to make it sometimes taken for the country seat of one of the squirearchy. With *that* "order," Sam Peach had no desire to be identified. Plain, and somewhat *brusque* in his manner, he was proud of the business by which he had acquired an independence, and it is yet remembered as a fact, that, on one occasion, when a distinguished commoner in the neighbourhood, (since become a peer and a Cabinet-minister,) addressed him as "Samuel Peach, *Esquire*," the recipient, who knew the writing, returned the letter to the postman, with an endorsement, "not known at the Angel coach-office!"

Wealth and integrity, backed by his eccentricity, had made Sam Peach quite a popular character in Sheffield. Never did any one care less for popularity. His rule of conduct was, to pursue the right, whatever should betide. His very peculiarities "leaned to mercy's side!" It was as much as any of his coach-



men's place was worth, for one of them to see a tired foot-traveller on the road, and not immediately "pull up," and invite the way-farer to a seat. The sterling character of the man was estimated from the fact, that most of the people around him had been in his employment for upwards of twenty years.

It is more than probable that Sam Peach had never heard of the name and system of Lavater, and yet it is certain that he had a habit of taking likes and dislikes to people's faces, which involved the putting them "inside for outside fare," or for no fare, or the stout refusal to take them inside or outside of any of his coaches, at any price.

It happened, one sunny day in September, 1815, that Sam Peach was sitting in his coach-office—"his custom ever of an afternoon"—engaged in examining a ledger; for he used to say that, by attending to business, he was pretty sure of business attending to him. A gentleman came in and asked what was the coach-fare to London?

The booking-clerk, with pen across his

mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear exceedingly busy, answered, "One pun' fifteen *out*; two pun' ten *in*."

The traveller desired to be booked for an outside place, if there were room. "Not one seat taken," said the booking-clerk.

"I suppose I had better pay you here?" enquired the traveller.

"Just as *you* please," was the reply; "only, until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach, nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plethoric purse.

"What name?" asked the booking-clerk.

"What name?" echoed the traveller.

"I thought I spoke plain enough," said the clerk, sulkily. "What name are we to book you by? You have a name, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveller, with a smile; "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last thing required from him. Put me down Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the



book, and thence in the way-bill?—Indeed he was *not*!

The moment that the traveller had described himself as “Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth,” Sam Peach closed the big ledger, with an emphasis which sounded not unlike a pistol shot,—pushed the fat-headed booking-clerk aside,—took his place, with a countenance quite radiant with excitement,—and, in his blindest tone, asked what name he should enter in the day-book.

“Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth.”

“Well!” said Sam, in the subdued manner of a man holding a confidential conversation with himself. “Well! my ears did not deceive me. What a singular thing this is, to be sure.” Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, “In the army, Sir?”

“Why, considering that I bear his Majesty’s commission, I think I may safely say that I am.”

“Seen any actual service?”

“Yes; two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo.”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Sam Peach. “Got a Waterloo medal?”

“Aye, and a Waterloo wound. Indeed, I have been at home since my return, getting cured; and now that I am on my legs again, I am off to town to report myself at the Horse Guards for duty. Our second battalion is to be disbanded; and as we are likely to have a long peace, I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment.”

“Then,” said Sam Peach, rather anxiously, “I suppose you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?”

Mr. Simmonds replied that he was not.

“That being the case, Sir,” said Sam Peach, “it can’t make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon?”

“Not go?—after paying for my seat!”

“Afraid not. All the seats are engaged.”

Here the fat-headed book-keeper chimed in with “Not one on ’em. Only look at the way-bill.”

But Sam Peach pushed aside the officious underling, and declared that he “was a stoopid, who did not know what he was saying.” Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added, “The fact is, Sir, all the seats *are* engaged. But as you have paid your fare, I am bound to send you forward in a post-chaise, or make the delay of no loss to you. My house is only a few miles out of town. I shall feel gratified by your coming out to dine with me to-day. In the morning, I shall drive you in, if you like, and you can start for London by any coach you please.”

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay—that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality—that he would prefer remaining at the “Angel.” Vainly, too, did he endeavour to ascertain why (when there evidently was no real impediment to his immediate departure for London) Sam Peach should wish to detain him. But Sam, determined to play the host, steadily declined giving an explanation; and the result was,

that, at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had not campaigned in the Peninsula, and had hospital fare at Brussels for some weeks after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge" (except at the "Lombard Arms") was not thought of at that time; and therefore a few glasses of old wine did them no essential harm. Much they talked—Ensign Simmonds, of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service; and Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the ball by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last—but this was about the conclusion of the second bottle of that incomparable port, which tasted like nectar, and smelt like a bouquet—Sam Peach grew communicative about himself;—told how he had risen to opulence by industry, from a small commencement; and boasted how, far above his wealth, he prized his only daughter. "You shall see

her in the morning," said he ; " for I did not like to introduce you until I saw whether my first impressions would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary."

A capital breakfast the next morning ; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted, on such social duties (as her mother had been dead for many years), by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor shrewish.

" Pleasant weather," observed Sam. " Are you much of a sportsman ?"

" Rather," said Mr. Simmonds. " We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges in the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them, when he had nothing else to do !"

" Well," said Sam, " unfortunately, I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said, that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London ; and if you can only make up your mind not to start until to-

morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall. I happen to own the preserve across yonder valley, and I can tell you that not a gun has been fired there this season."

Mr. Simmonds remained for that day?—To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been on foreign service for three years, with a heart beating quick and strong within his bosom, and (at that time) not engaged in any particular love affair!—fancy him suddenly thrown into the society of Mary Peach—really a well-educated and pretty, if not quite a beautiful girl;—pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarters surprisingly comfortable! Fancy all this, and wonder, if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he had ever disbursed "one pun' fifteen" for the outside fare to London. Then there were such beautiful snatches of scenery all along that Glossop Road, which Mary Peach recommended him to look at, and to which she kindly accompanied him, as he might not be able to find them out without her assist-



ance ;—and she had so much to ask, and he to tell her, about foreign countries, and the perils he had been in—and she made him tell her, again and again, how he had got his wound at Waterloo—and she had such a pretty way of seeming to *listen* with her dark grey eyes, and—But I need not go on. It was a clear case !

“Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft.”

In short, it had come to pass that Mr. Simmonds had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him, or looked at him.

“In love with her?” you will say. You know how it will end :—a scene with the lady—a blush or two—half a dozen tears—the whole to conclude, with a whispered, “Speak to my father !”

Not exactly so ; for when our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach, before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

You will think that *he* was in a pretty passion, no doubt ?

Wrong again. Sam told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, having full use of his eyes and ears ; that, under this expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds and his prospects ; that he was satisfied with what he had heard ; and, if Mr. Simmonds could obtain the lady's consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united—*she* being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had was never exactly known ; but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot-and-four, which Sam Peach had presented to “the happy couple ;” and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride, all beauty and blonde, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows :—

“Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when we first met, to take a fancy to you, and bring you home with me. Know, then, that in the five-and-thirty years I have



been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, to be booked for places—generals, colonels, majors, and a crowd of captains;—but *you* were the only ENSIGN that ever came across me! For the singularity of the thing, I thought that phenomenon worthy of a good dinner; and your own good qualities have done the rest. Good bye now—God bless you!—and let me hear from you and Mary every day!”

---

“ I knew Sam Peach very well,” continued the Major. “ He was full of oddities. One peculiarity was that each of his cattle should have one day’s rest every week. Without considerable inconvenience to the public and loss to himself, his equine friends could not all rest on the same day—therefore, a score ceased from labour on Monday, a score on Tuesday, and so on. His motto was, ‘ The merciful man is merciful to his beast.’ There is no doubt

that the anecdote I have now told you had a foundation in truth."

"Perhaps," said Crayon, "few books would be more amusing than a veritable innkeeper's Album, relating circumstances which had occurred in different hostelries, and describing peculiar traits of character as exhibited by 'mine host' in different towns. I recollect hearing an American gentleman tell a story in which an English Boniface of his father's day figures very favourably. With your leave, I will repeat it."

## II.

THE BUSH GUINEA.

---

A famous place, formerly, when Bristol had a fair share of trade and commerce, monopolizing a great portion of the West India trade, was the Bush Inn, kept by a true hearted, honest, downright man named John Weeks. At the time of which I speak, this inn-keeper was not very wealthy, though he deserved to be. The poor largely benefited by his charity, and it was discovered,—not until after his death, for he was one of whom it might literally be said that his right hand knew not what his left hand did—that several decayed housekeepers were largely indebted to his

benevolence for food, clothes, fuel and money during the hard season of winter in particular, and at all times in general. In the Bush Inn there was a mighty kitchen—it is there yet, I presume, if the house be kept up as an inn\*—down the centre of which extended a mammoth table. It was the delight of this Boniface, on every Christmas Day, to cover this great table with a glorious load of roast beef and plum-pudding, flanked, most plenteously, with double home-brewed, of such mighty strength and glorious flavour, that one might well have called it malt-wine, rather than malt-liquor. At this table, on that day, every one who pleased was welcomed to sit down and feast. Many to whom a good dinner was an object did so ; and no nobler sight was there in Bristol, amid all its wealth and hospitality, than that of honest John Weeks at the head of his table, lustily carving and earnestly pressing his guests to “ eat, drink, and be merry.” Nor did his generosity content itself with this.

\* The Bush Inn, at Bristol, has lately been converted into chambers and offices.

It was the custom of the house, and of the day, when the repast was ended, and the guests had drank some toasts, commencing with "The King, God bless him," (and be sure that their gratitude did not forget their generous entertainer,) that each person should go to honest John Weeks, in the bar, and there receive his cordial wishes for many happy returns of the genial season. They received something more—for, according to their several necessities, a small gift in money was pressed upon each. To one man a crown—to another half-a-guinea—to a third, as more needing it, a guinea. On the whole, some twenty or thirty guineas was thus dispensed. The gross amount might not be much, but the good done was great, and on that one day, perhaps, John Weeks thus expended in all as much as a tithe of his annual income:—less, it might be, than many a plethoric Alderman lavished on a single entertainment to persons of his own rank who did not require, and would scarcely thank him for it.

On one particular year, it had been no-

ticed, during the months of November and December, that a middle-aged man, whom no frequenter of the Bush Inn appeared to know, and who appeared to know no one, used to visit the coffee-room about noon every day, and, calling for a sixpenny glass of brandy and water, sit over it until he had carefully gone through the perusal of the London paper of the preceding evening, which used to arrive about an hour before his visit, owing to Mr. Palmer's, then recent, acceleration of mail-coach travelling from five to eight miles an hour—a novelty which, at that time, was considered to be the accomplishment of very extraordinary speed. In those days, a London newspaper was a noticeable thing, even in Bristol, which was far beyond its provincial contemporaries in newspaper wealth, having four papers—Felix Farley's, the Gazette, the Mirror, and the Mercury—while Liverpool men had only two. The landlord of the Bush, seeing how anxious the reduced gentleman was to read the London paper, made it be understood that while he had it “in hand,” no one

else was to expect it. And thus, without being pressed for time, the reduced gentleman was allowed to read his paper at his ease, which he did, apparently commencing with the title on the first page, and ending with the imprint on the last.

Garments in that state, which though not actually "shabby," may be described as "seedy," a beaver, which, most rusty and napless, was carefully brushed, — faded gloves, — spatter-dashes of doubtful hue, covering shoes which appeared to have been made for a much larger man — plain buckles — a lean body — a confirmed stoop — and a limited expenditure of the single sixpence every day, without any gratuity to the waiter, very clearly intimated that the newspaper reader was one of the class called "poor gentlemen," and by that appellation he soon came to be distinguished. If a customer asked for the London paper, it was sufficient to say, "the decayed gentleman has it in hand."

On Christmas eve, honest John Weeks, anxious that "the decayed gentleman" should



have one good meal, at least, in the Bush, addressed him as he was quitting the coffee-room, and delicately intimated that, on the following day, he kept open table, at which all who could not obtain good Christmas dinners at home, were very welcome to sit down, free of cost. The “decayed gentleman” looked at the inn-keeper with some surprise, and smiled—but he presently recovered himself, and retired without saying a word, simply bowing his acknowledgement. If there had been any doubt of his condition, it was at an end on the next day, when, punctually at one o’clock, being the appointed hour, he appeared at the Bush, in his usual seedy attire. In virtue of his being a stranger there, and the appearance of having seen better days, he was honoured with a seat at the upper end of the long table, even next to John Weeks himself. He partook of the good dinner with the apparent relish of a man to whom such a feast had long been a novelty, and duly did justice to the “stunning ale,” for which, far and near, the Bush was famous. Now and then, the landlord had snatches of

conversation with him, and very soon perceived that "the decayed gentleman" was shrewd in his remarks, and had evidently sat at rich men's tables at one period of his life.

The dinner was concluded. The landlord retired to his bar, into which, one after one, straggled his guests, and then received the various money-doles, which John Weeks' knowledge of their respective wants had provided, and apportioned for each. The "decayed gentleman" remained the last at the long table—a kind-hearted waiter, who knew how much he liked to read the London paper, and knew, also, that he had not visited the coffee-room that morning, had brought down the broad-sheet, Cowper's folio of four pages, and "the decayed gentleman" read it, in the kitchen, after his dinner, with as true a sense of enjoyment as my Lord Duke could have perused it in his palatial library. Presently; there came a message from some civic functionary, desiring the attendance of the landlord of the Bush, to receive instructions about a feast which was to be given at the

Mansion House, on the new year, and to be provided from the Bush. Therefore, when departing to attend to this important summons, John Weeks called his head-waiter, a sagacious, well-powdered, steady man, to whom he confidentially entrusted the donation which he had set aside for "the decayed gentleman," and with it were many instructions to exercise great delicacy in handing him the gift, "for," said John Weeks, "it is very evident that he has seen better days, and we should have a regard for his feelings, Morris, particularly as he is a stranger in the city." Thus saying, he departed, and faithful Morris remained to execute his delicate and holy mission.

Just as "the decayed gentleman" was leaving the house, and when there was no witness of their interview, Morris blandly and respectfully accosted him, and slipping a guinea into his hand, said "My master requests, sir, that you will do him the favour to accept this, and he is sorry that his being called away causes it to come through my hands!" The money rested in the palm of "the decayed gentleman."

He looked at the gold—he then looked at the waiter,—he looked at the gold again. Morris thought, at first, that he intended returning it. But “the decayed gentleman,” quietly put it into his waistcoat pocket, from which he drew a card, which he handed to Morris, saying “my compliments to your master, and my thanks. This is my name and address, and if he should ever come my way, or think that I can do him any service, I beg, that he will call upon me, or write.” He buttoned his coat, went away, and, from that day to this, was never again seen in the coffee-room of the Bush. The inscription on the card was simply “THOMAS COUTTS, 59, STRAND.” The owner had come to Bristol on some very particular business, and it was his humour to live there in an humble manner.

In a short time, John Weeks, to the surprise of the Bristolians, purchased the Bush Inn, at a large price, from Griffith Maskelyne, the owner. Next, he embarked largely in the coaching and posting department, and thrived abundantly. Soon after, when a bargain was

to be had of some land belonging to the Corporation, the purchaser was John Weeks, who let it off for building leases, by which he obtained full twelve per cent. for his investment. Finally, having acquired a competency, he withdrew from business, and went to live on an estate which he had purchased at Shirehampton. No one exactly knew how he had obtained the capital to embark in great speculations so largely as he did,—but his drafts upon Coutts and Company, 59, Strand, were duly honoured, and to this day, among the heirlooms which she most particularly prizes, the Duchess of St. Albans, widow of Thomas Coutts, shows à coin, richly mounted in a gorgeous bracelet, which coin bears the name of “The Bush Guinea.”

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Thanks were duly given to the Artist for his anecdote, and after some conversation respecting Mr. Coutts, the Millionaire, who had more than once received charity from persons whom

his poverty-stricken dress and attenuated form had seduced into the idea that he was a poor man, too proud to beg, Mr. Butler, the Novelist, said that àpropos of Millionaires, he believed he could recollect a story relating to a gentleman of this order of men, which, like what we had just heard, had the merit of brevity, at any rate. We gladly accepted the volunteer, whose story ran to this effect :—



## III.

LE MILLIONAIRE MALGRÉ LUI.

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SOME years ago, I spent six weeks at Lyons, waiting the arrival of a friend, whom I was to accompany to Naples. Old cities, old books, and old friends, are what exactly suit my taste. Therefore, Lyons—the mural queen of South Eastern France,—was calculated to challenge my attention. During nineteen eventful centuries, a crowd of historical associations have become linked with the city of Lyons ; antiquity is deeply furrowed on its aspect ; its commercial operations have made it a stirring and wealthy place ; its public institutions and edifices, are unsurpassed, out of Paris ;



its approaches (either from Chalons or Marseilles,) are through a lovely country, which seems like a rich vineyard, skirted and sheltered by hills ; and its inhabitants, enriched by industry, are hospitable and friendly. Is it wonderful, then, that Lyons is a place of which I keep a grateful and pleasant memory ?

Loving to loiter in a strange city, here I indulged my humour to the full, and sauntered in and about Lyons, until I knew it so well, that, at this moment, I believe, I could draw a plan of the place from mere recollection. It was pleasant to cross and recross, view and review its six bridges over the sluggish Saone, and its three over the more rapid Rhone ; to pace through its fifty-nine squares, with an almost daily visit of admiration to La Bellecour, (one of the finest in Europe,) graced by the noble statue of that Louis,\* whose regal boast, "*L'état c'est moi*," was scarcely an exaggeration ; to hunt for antiquities where the Forum Tra-

\* Louis XIV., who, for more than half a century after the death of Cardinal Mazarine, governed without a prime minister.

jani had stood ; to examine the Hôtel de Ville, inferior only to the palatial town-house of Amsterdam ; to copy the most *outré* inscriptions on the monuments which embellish the beautiful Necropolis upon the hill of Fourvières ; to *feel* the “*religio loci*,” while listening with hushed awe to the sweet and solemn

“*Stabat mater dolorosa*,”

or the yet more touching swell of the

“*Dies iræ, dies illa*,”

reverberating from harmonious voices through the Gothic aisles of the Cathedral of St. John ; or to regret that the then recent fall of the tall tower of Pitrat,† prevented my viewing to

† This tower was erected on an elevation to the north of the city, for an observatory, and fell down in 1828. It has been re-erected, and rises to the height of 625 French feet above the river. The view from this is unequalled of its kind. Lyons lies at your feet, spread along the banks of the Saone and the Rhone, which meet here. The city covers the peninsula between, and appears as the nucleus of a vast population, hived in clusters of villages, which join its suburbs, and gradually break up into hamlets, manu-

the best advantage, the natural panorama of Lyons, and the beautiful country around it.

After all, these loiterings were merely episodal in my life at Lyons, after I had discovered that the library there, one of the finest in France, was especially rich in manuscripts and books, upon what the elder D'Israeli names as three of the six "follies of science,"—alchemy, astrology, and magic. These are among the most graceful superstitions of our forefathers, and I confess that I have long had a strong curiosity to learn *what* it was by which gifted minds, a few centuries ago, were held in a strong and over-mastering thrall. The public library of Lyons, rich in this peculiar lore, afforded ample opportunity of research, and I spent many an hour in attempt-factories, and *châteaux*. Many of the latter may be observed ten miles off, delightfully situated on the southern and western declivities of the hills which gird the plain. Far beyond, and towering above the north-eastern bound, Mount Jura and the eastern range of the Alps are visible, and, superior to them all, at the distance of a hundred miles, Mont Blanc may be seen, like a huge cloud between the gazer and the verge of the horizon.

ing to decipher and comprehend the mysterious revelations by which Geber, Artephius, and Nicholas Flamel communicated how *they* had made the wonderful Powder of Projection, by which the meaner metals were transmuted to gold, and that Elixir, not less wonderful, which was at once to renew the springs of life, and bestow the boon of immortality! There, too, I read of the Cabala,—with their ten numerations called Sephiroth, their holy Sigils, their sacred Pentacles, and the Tables of Ziruph, or magic roll-call of the seventy-two Angels, whose names are duly recorded by Cornelius Agrippa and others, as if they were in the habit of daily communication with them. And there, above all, I had an opportunity of examining what is treasured as an autograph of the famous Astronomical tables of King Alfonso\*.

To me, much loving the wild imaginings by which our elders were self-deceived, there was a great deal of interest in such literary

\* King of Castile and Leon, in the thirteenth century. He was surnamed *El Sabio*, or the Learned.

rarities as I have mentioned. To examine them was fitting occupation for an idle man, fond of raising *Châteaux d'Espagne* of a different order for himself, and who regarded the splendid follies of science as the spray dashed up by the adventurous diver, who boldly and blindly seeks the pearl of Truth in the ocean of Conjecture.

It happened, fortunately for the peculiar course of inquiry I had fallen upon, that Monsieur Jean Hervieu, one of the sub-librarians, was something more than a mere hander-out of volumes. He soon saw into what line my researches traversed, and saved me a world of useless trouble, by placing before me, at once, all that was richest and choicest in that peculiar line. When I left Lyons, I had many regrets, for I had made friendships there, which yet continue; but my chief sorrow was that poor Hervieu, with abilities and tastes of a high order, should be lost in a petty situation so much below his merits.

Two years passed, and I came to winter at Paris; a step which I recommend none to take

unless they are enamoured of Arctic temperature. Shortly after my arrival, I met with my quondam acquaintance, the sub-librarian of Lyons. He was much changed. He had reached the dignity of wearing a coat out of the *mode*, which none but a wealthy man can afford to do. His manners, too, now had the ease and self-possession of one who has not only an account at Lafitte's, but a pretty considerable balance on the credit side. A few days afterwards, while discussing some unexceptionable Burgundy, with all the sobriety that regal wine deserves, at Monsieur Hervieu's country house, within a couple of leagues from Paris, the secret of this change was explained by him in nearly the following words.

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“ I perceive, my dear friend, that you wonder how I happen to have these comforts about me ; how I have advanced to the dignity of a *millionaire*. In truth, it is what I often find myself wondering at. My fortune was



made by accident,—in spite of myself,—in a word, as fortunes scarcely ever are made.

“ When you knew me, two years ago, I contrived to exist upon eight hundred francs a year\*, and, though not very extravagant, had a few debts, which it had been as easy to incur, as I found it difficult to pay. Two acquaintances were spending an evening with me, when the *portier* brought up an account from—my tailor. I had no means of settling it, but the ready answer came, ‘bid him call to-morrow.’ The bill threw a damp over all of us,—for our circumstances were much alike,—and our gaiety took wing.”

“ ‘ It is a pity,’ said Louis Boyer, ‘it is a pity that we have neither wealth nor the reputation of it, which is just as good. What a lucky thing it would be if some unknown relation were to turn up, and bequeath a fortune to one of us!’

“ ‘ There’s little chance of that,’ said Charles Berget; ‘for my part, I have not a relation in the world.’

\* About £33 6s. 8d.



“ ‘And for mine,’ I observed, ‘matters are very much the same way; but I remember hearing my father speak of a nephew of his who went to Cuba or Martinique, when I was a child. Nothing was ever heard of him since.’

“ ‘Famous!’ cried Louis Boyer, clapping his hands; ‘I have it all. We must bring him on the stage, endow him with immense wealth, and, as he must be childless, make him inquire after an heir, and find you not only next of blood, but his only relation. In one word, my dear friend, we must make you ‘a young man of brilliant expectations,’ with a rich, liver-diseased cousin in the West Indies, who has declared you his heir!’

“ ‘No, no!’ chimed in Berget, with a laugh, ‘this ‘expectation’ story will not do. The rich cousin must die; so—write his epitaph forthwith! Let me see: Jacques Hervieu leaves Marseilles twenty-five years ago, goes to Martinique, makes a splendid fortune there, leaves five sugar-plantations, and hundreds of negroes, to his cousin Jean Hervieu, of Lyons. The

whole are worth two millions of francs, at least. Give me your hand, my dear Jean! I wish you joy of your change of fortune. And now, *mon cher*, we must drink your health.'

" 'Of course,' said Louis Boyer: 'and pray, now that he is at the top of the ladder, that he will not forget those who were his friends in misfortune!'

" 'Depend on me!' was my laughing reply. Then, keeping up the jest, we drank to the memory of Jacques Hervieu, and to the health of his heir: in effect, Monsieur, we had a very pleasant evening.

"I was making my toilet next morning, when the door of my attic was dashed in, and half a score of my young acquaintances rushed to me.

" 'We wish you joy, Hervieu!' they all cried out, with one accord.

" 'Joy? my dear friends!'

" 'That you should become heir to such a large fortune!'

" 'I do assure you ——'

“ ‘Just at the time, too, when Colonial produce has become so valuable !’

“ ‘Believe me, it is only a joke ——’

“ ‘Come, come,’ said half a dozen voices, at once, ‘this will not do. You owe us a fête on getting this windfall, and must not try to creep out of it. Where shall we have it, and when?’

“ I scarcely know how I got rid of them all. But I shook them off at last. Presently I heard some one at the door ; ‘Come in !’—it was one of them come back to borrow a few hundred francs.

“ ‘My dear fellow, I have not five francs in the world.’

“ ‘I see. Your remittances from Martinique have not yet come to hand.’

“ ‘Indeed they have not,’ said I, with a sigh. The borrower took his leave with some formality ; the very report of wealth had already placed a gulf between me and my fellows.

“ The news ran through Lyons like wildfire. I had quite a levée during that forenoon. The worst was, it was quite useless to protest—

every one took it for granted that I had become a rich man. It was recollected that I had a cousin named Jacques Hervieu, who had gone abroad early in the Consulate. There was an old sailor who had even seen him take ship at Marseilles, for Martinique—or some other foreign place. All the rest followed of course, that he had made a large fortune, and had bequeathed the whole of it to me!

“At last, I was again alone. There came a gentle tap at the door. Who can this be? thought I. It was my tailor. He sent no ‘little account,’ this time. He no longer dunned by deputy. He, too, had heard of my good luck, and came for his money, no doubt! I too well remembered that I had sent a message for him to call for his fifty francs.

“‘Good morning, Monsieur Passy,’ said I, ‘you have come for your money?’

“‘Surely,’ said the broad-cloth artist, with a bow, and a grimace meant for a smile, ‘Surely, Monsieur will not trouble himself about that trifle. You will permit me to measure you for the mourning.’

“ At the moment, I had forgotten that there was such a place as Martinique ! Quite mechanically I allowed him to measure me, scarcely heeding what he said. But, when he declared that he could not have more than *one* suit finished that evening, I thought it right to put an end to the folly.

“ ‘ I assure you, Monsieur Passy, I have received no money.’

“ ‘ Monsieur is too considerate. I beg he will not speak of payment. But,’ he continued, ‘ Monsieur can do me a great service. You know my house ; it is a fine building. Buy it of me ! I want ready money. *You* are very rich. Fifty thousand francs are nothing to Monsieur. You will want real property to invest your great capital in. I shall become bankrupt for want of some ready money. M. Bonnet has proposed to buy it, but is so long making up his mind, that I shall be ruined before he decides.

“ ‘ But why should *I* buy your house ?’

“ ‘ Because Monsieur may not only serve me very much, but also get an excellent investment

for himself. It will be worth double the money in a few years. 'Thank you, Monsieur.' The man of measures hurried off before I could say a word, and proclaimed, far and near, that I had bought his house!

"Half an hour after he had quitted me, M. Bonnet, who was very rich and miserly, did me the honour to call. He made his congratulations upon my good fortune, and said, 'You are an excellent man of business, Monsieur Hervieu, and a prompt one. I live next door to Passy, and want his house. I was sure of it. I had offered him forty-five thousand francs, and knew he could not hold out. You have outbid me, and as I know it would be vain to attempt starving out *you* into a bargain, I shall be frank with you, and offer you fifteen thousand francs upon your purchase.'

"I did *not* jump from my seat in surprise—because the events of the morning had prepared me for almost anything. I had presence of mind, and sufficient prudence to suppress my emotion, and affect indifference. I requested



M. Bonnet to call on me in an hour. He was punctual.

“ ‘M. Bonnet,’ said I, with the gravity of a man of business, ‘I do not actually require the house, and you may have it on your own terms.’ He grasped my hand with energy, declared that he was much indebted to what he called my ‘great kindness;’ and drawing from his pocket-book, fifteen thousand francs in bills on Paris at thirty days, added, ‘Here is your premium, Monsieur. You shall have no farther trouble in the business, as I shall pay your purchase money to Passy.’

“ A few years before, I had received a small legacy from a distant relation through a commercial house in Paris, the only firm in that city whose name I knew,—the only one acquainted with mine. I wrote, accordingly, requesting their advice as to the investment of some funds. I had an answer by return of post, telling me that my letter had reached them when the book for the Spanish loan, in which their house had a share, was closing; and, as the investment was a very promising



one, they had reserved an interest of fifty thousand piastres for me! If I did not like that investment, I could readily and profitably sell out at any time, as that stock was rising. M. Mignon, the head of the house, appended a postscript, in his own hand-writing, congratulating me on my recent good fortune, and giving me the assurance of his personal desire to be of service to me in any mode. Lo! the Martinique romance had taken wing to Paris.

“ Fifty thousand piastres! The amount of the sum startled me. What should I have thought had I known that, instead of this being the sum invested, as I believed, it was only the annual interest of my investment! I wrote to say that they had made a greater purchase than I desired.

“ I had a prompt reply, stating that they had obeyed my intimation,—sold out half my investment, at a premium of a hundred and sixty thousand francs,—taken the liberty of reserving thirty shares of the new joint-stock bank in Holland, which was certain to head the money-market before any call was made,—would insist

on making investments for me whenever profitable opportunities warranted speculation on their own account,—and begged to add that, fully aware of the difficulty of an immediate settlement of a great colonial property, they had opened a credit to my account with their house, which I might use to any extent.

“This was all very puzzling. A hundred and fifty thousand livres! Profits, and investments, and credits! I could make nothing of it, except to suspect that Mignon and Company of Paris had lost their senses.

“In the mean time, I was the lion of Lyons. My mourning suit was a proof positive of my heirship. I was teased with calls of condolence and congratulation. The newspapers gave anecdotes of my cousin Jacques, and memoirs of myself. Heaps of relations sprung up on all sides, claiming gifts and loans. Yet, with the reputation of possessing immense wealth, I was actually in want of money for my daily expenses, having nothing but M. Bonnet’s bills, which, from an utter ignorance of business, I did not know how to discount

into current cash. My place in the library had been filled without consulting me. But I was *rich*, and people contended for the honour of my patronage. I still lived in my cheap attic; but that was put down to great humility, or charming eccentricity. I was in high credit, and quite perplexed with my situation. I resolved to go to Paris, and a wealthy manufacturer, who was about proceeding thither, said he would be highly flattered by my accepting a seat in his *calèche*, which I did, and completely won his heart by allowing him to defray all the expenses of the journey. I afterwards found that he had a strong notion of becoming my father-in-law—if he could!

“M. Mignon and his partners received me with all the respect due to the reputed possessor of two millions of francs. Then, like proper men of business, they opened their books.

“‘The Spanish stock is still rising,’ said M. Mignon. ‘I am sorry that Monsieur distrusted it.’

“ ‘What may be the exact value of my remaining stock in the Spanish funds?’

“ ‘Your account stands thus,’ replied M. Mignon, ‘taking it in round numbers. The Spanish stock, if sold now, would pay you four hundred thousand francs. We saw occasion to put your name down for a hundred shares in the new bank; each share is worth an advance of four hundred and fifty florins—say about a hundred and fifty thousand francs more.’

“ ‘Without my having paid anything?’

“ ‘Certainly.’

“ ‘How could I realize these profits, and make a good permanent investment of them?’

“ ‘Nothing safer, if Monsieur *will* take up his profits now, than our Five per Cents: the actual rate is more than *six*. You have four hundred thousand francs in the Spanish, a hundred and twenty thousand Dutch, a hundred and sixty thousand by the first sale of Spanish—total, nearly six hundred thousand: income thirty-six thousand, say forty thousand francs per annum, in round numbers.’

“ ‘And when can this be invested?’

“ ‘Whenever Monsieur pleases. Will he favour our house with the negociation ?’

“ ‘Assuredly, M. Mignon. You are entitled to my fullest confidence.’

“ The banker bowed his thanks for the compliment—and the commission. He placed a checkbook before me, requesting me to draw any sum for present demands that I required. Not until that happy moment did I realize the truth of the good fortune which had literally been forced upon me. I accepted M. Mignon’s pressing invitation to make his house my abode while I remained in Paris. When my funds were invested, including M. Bonnet’s bills for the fifteen thousand francs, I found my principal in the Five per Cents yielding me forty thousand francs a year. I had sent down to hire a *château* near Lyons, and, bidding adieu to my friendly bankers, proceeded to take possession of it.

“ My return from Paris was immediately known at Lyons. My friends Boyer and Berget—who had seen with consternation what full credence their Martinique romance

had obtained—knew not what to think when they heard of my having gone to Paris ; the general rumour being that I had taken the journey for the purpose of proving my cousin's will. I cannot suppose that *they* fancied I was mad enough to believe the heirship they had invented.

“They thought it right to call upon me. My house, my furniture, my calèche, my greys, my servants, successively astonished them. I amused myself with their surprise for a few hours, and undeceived them, at last. They were indeed surprised, and warmly complimented me on the ability, which, they said, I had displayed. No—I had merely turned circumstances to good account.

“I had another visit about this time. It was from M. Felix, an old friend of mine. He was a manufacturer in moderate circumstances who had known me from childhood. ‘I paid you no visit, my dear Jean,’ said he, ‘while I believed that a golden shower had fallen upon you. But I call upon you now, to say that it is time this farce were at an end. Where-



ever I go, I hear it whispered that you have lost your senses, or are willingly lending yourself to a monstrous cheat. I might have believed what every one says ; but poor Louise—you have not forgotten Louise ?—declares that she is certain your principles are not corrupted, and that, if the whole matter be a cheat, as, indeed, it seems to be, you are more deceived than deceiving. Give over this matter, my dear Jean. If you want money to settle yourself in the world, in an honest way, I will lend you what I can spare, and in a few years you may retrieve your character as an honest man.'

" ' And dear Louise does not believe any ill of me ?'

" ' No, indeed,' said M. Felix. ' At first, when we heard that you had become rich, she wept bitterly, and said, " Then we shall see no more of M. Hervieu ; he will forget his old friends." But, when she heard, as every one now says, that you were not rich, she recovered her spirits, and said, " We shall have Jean with us again—when he is poor, he will be certain to come back and visit us as he used to do."

I don't think I should have called on you to-day, if Louise had not urged me. She bade me tell you that, hear what she may, she never will believe that Jean Hervieu, whom she had known since they were children together, *could* do an act of dishonour.'

"I did not regret the aspersions upon my character, since they were the cause of shewing me that I had one sincere friend, at least. One of the uses of adversity is to try and prove regard. It was due to M. Felix, that I should undeceive him, as to the real state of the question. He was much surprised, as he well might be. 'Louise will be so happy,' said he, 'for she insisted that you were slandered. But I hope that Monsieur Hervieu will not forget us because he *is* rich, after all.'

"'My dear friend,' I replied, 'you must still call me your '*pauvre* Jean,' as you used to do when you heaped kindness after kindness on the orphan ; and it will go hard with me, if I do not convince Louise, before long, that she is not one whom I am likely to forget.'

"The bubble burst, a few days after this visit

from M. Felix. No one knew what to make of the whole story. The very existence of Jacques Hervieu became doubted; the old seaman who had seen him embark at Marseilles, declared it was somebody else! Some people thought me crazy. M. Bonnet said, "a splendid hoax! it cost *me* fifteen thousand francs!" At length, the storm descended. My creditors came in a body to dun me. Charles Berget (whom I had made my steward) paid all their accounts, and then gave them a splendid entertainment. Public opinion veered round in my favour. Jacques Hervieu has not yet appeared, but people are undecided whether I really did obtain wealth from Martinique, or made a lucky hit by speculation. The only man in Lyons, who does know, except M. Felix, is Louis Boyer, to whom I lent a few thousand francs, with which he has entered a commercial firm, and will, probably, make a fortune—not quite so rapidly as I did.

"This is my story, Monsieur. I take my place in society as a man of forty thousand annual income, and people call me a Millionaire.

I am wealthy, simply because people *would* have it that I was rich—though I protested that I was not.

“I have no more to say. Let us drink to the memory of Jacques Hervieu!”

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“It is a singular story,” said I, “and it is a pity that, to give an air of romance to a narrative literally crowded with francs, bankers’ accounts, speculations, and investments, it does not wind up—as every true tale does—with love and marriage.”

“Precisely so!” replied Hervieu, “and, therefore, let it not surprise you, if, in a fortnight from this very day, you receive an invitation to assist in a ceremony, which, while it will change the fair Louise into Madame Hervieu, I hope may leave her *Felix*—in every thing but name!”

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“It is not every one,” said Tressilian, joining in the conversation, after this story, “who

can contrive to keep the wealth he has won by speculation. I scarcely ever knew one of these Millionaires of the moment, who retained what he had gained with scarcely an effort. Light come, lightly go, might be the motto of this class. It might be said of a money-man of this order, that he goes up like a rocket, and comes down like the stick. It is the same with what has been won at the gambling table, it does no permanent good to those who gain it. I do not remember a single gambler, who has retired without actual loss in the long run. Speculation, which, in a few weeks, would fain make the colossal fortunes steady enterprise and integrity take years of labour to amass, is but a sort of gaming after all, and moved, as to its results, by the same influences. But," he added, "I must beg the ladies to pardon me for philosophizing."

"Our sex," said Lady Morton, "will scarcely thank Sir Julian Tressilian for the inference, that we cannot appreciate or enjoy serious discourse. I suppose he would limit the subjects upon which our attention should be engaged,

to small talk about frills and flounces—laces and muslins—fashions and scandal.”

A protest from the gentleman, that he could not have been guilty of *petite trahison* of such a description, was retorted by the lady, that he had been condemned, without the liberty of appeal. “Your punishment,” said she, “shall not be a very heavy one. You have heard these gentlemen severally relate a story, and the judgment of the Court is, that you follow so excellent an example ; and your pardon shall be the more plenary, if you relate a personal adventure.”

“I shall rejoice,” said he, “to fulfil my destiny, or submit to my doom, which ever wording may best please your ladyship, so it be understood by this goodly company, that each of them, before we leave Matlock, shall do likewise.”

“The gentlemen, I am sure,” said the fair dame, “will consent to the arrangement.”

“Yes,” he replied ; “but it must extend to the ladies also.”

Lady Morton said, that, on that head, the



parties concerned must consult. But when she turned round, Lady Tressilian's chair was vacant—its fair occupant had retired a few minutes before. Then, with a charming smile, which appeared quite irresistible, Lady Morton said, that she believed the majority would be against her if she resisted, and therefore, yielding to numbers, like many other combatants, she must even assent to the terms proposed.

Sir Julian, therefore, consented to be the next story-teller. He was a fine-looking man, upon whose brow middle age had scarcely yet set its signet. His appearance was very prepossessing; he had an ingenuous and winning expression of countenance: and this, as well as a fine person, and an air *distingué*, must have once done considerable havoc among female hearts, and doubtless would still have been successful, but, from the first moment we saw him, it was evident that his attentions were reserved for the lady who sate by his side, and with whom he seemed to be on especial good terms.

In the earlier part of the evening, we had noticed what seemed exceedingly like flirtation between them ; that interchange of looks which shows the freemasonry of the heart ; varying tones, which, in their modulation, told to each other far more than was meant for the common ear ; wreathed smiles, which well became the manly cheek of the gentleman, and the damasked countenance of the *dama* :—all, in fact, which would have been of rather a suspicious and suggestive character, but from the knowledge gained from his lips, within ten minutes after he had frankly made our acquaintance, that the lady was—his wife !

She was, indeed, as beautiful and attractive a person, as ever it has been my fortune to look upon. Perhaps, one might think her not quite young enough to figure as the heroine of a love-story. It was difficult to discover her age from her looks and figure. The latter was slight, as if she had not long emerged from the gracefulness of “sweet seventeen ;” while, looking at her face, you might doubt whether she was five-and-twenty, or some

ten years older. Hers was an aspect which, even in age, would probably retain much of the expression of youth ; for, as Byron says,

“ There are forms which Time to touch forbears,  
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things.”

She appeared imbued with that “glorious sunshine of the heart,” which is the best cosmetic in the world. I am wholly at a loss for words to describe the character of her beauty—living, breathing, real. Nay, it was *not* beauty,

“ Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still!”

The features were fine in their *ensemble*, though, taken separately, they were not what you would call “beautiful.” They had that best of graces,—the grace and charm of expression, which sometimes irradiates even an ordinary face, and rests on handsome features like “a glory” on a Madonna’s pure forehead. There was something in her piquant air—her *espiègle* glance, from hazel eyes at once bright and soft ; her lovely alternations of colour,

for there fitfully gleamed a rose-tinted glow through her skin, "darkly beautiful," as Kaled's;—her brow, clear as alabaster;—her glossy hair, with its slight natural wave, tasteful and simple in its arrangement;—and, above all, in her earnest look, breathing as much natural goodness as ever illumined any countenance,—which, taken altogether, formed something far better than the mere statuesque loveliness at which

"We start—for soul is wanting there."

It was pleasant to notice that her helpmate considered her the very incarnation of all that was excellent. So attentive, so *very* attentive, was he to her, that, as I have said, we might have suspected, at first, that they were but recently married; but, on observation, we could perceive that his was a more temperate and calm attention than is paid by the bridegroom to the bride; and the manner in which the lady received his little kindnesses (the farthest possible from anything like those the newly-wedded too often so foolishly exhibit)

clearly showed that she had long been accustomed to the homage.

It was, indeed, a very charming specimen of marriage as it should be. The husband kind, affectionate, and gentle; the wife not less so, but with a more delicate tenderness, the exquisite sentiment, as it were, which is to be found in the crucible of wedded life after Love has passed through the fiery heat of Passion, and become sublimed into hearted Friendship. Theirs was an interchange of the most delightful courtesy imaginable, springing from the heart, and best nurtured there. Alas! not always is it so. "The trail of the serpent" may be traced even here, where, if happiness exist on earth, it should abide. Many a hearth is desolate, though the wedded sit by it—smiles to the world around them, but worse than cold to each other. Many a heart may "brokenly live on," though mirth may light the countenance, and smiling wit may vivify the conversation with its flashes. Better the grave than this death-in-life, which palsies exertion, and confuses thought, and fetters imagination,

and teaches the lips to wear smiles, with the arrow rankling in the unseen wound. The Spartan, concealing the strong agony which was preying upon his life, had not a stronger struggle to seem calm than those of whom I write.

All of us had been interested from the first, in this agreeable couple, and now (the lady not having returned) all felt delighted when her husband kept his promise, and rapidly told his story thus:—



## IV.

TRESSILIAN'S STORY.

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MY name is Julian Tressilian, as you already know. My family came from Cornwall, where they had been settled long before the Conquest. My grandfather was made a baronet by George the Second, for his active services as a volunteer, when "the isle was frightened from its propriety," by the Rebellion of 1745. There is a family tradition, that on this occasion he rejected a peerage, declaring that he would rather be the first of the gentry, than the last of the nobility.

My father was a younger son. Like most of the class, he early made what was called "a

foolish marriage." That is, he married a woman whom he loved, and who very dearly loved him, but whose family could not be traced back more than a few generations. His marriage arrayed his relations against him—made him, in short, the Pariah of the family. He was young, spirited, and ardent, so he solaced himself with the happiness of wedded life. I verily believe, that he, with narrow means, was far happier than his elder brother, with the title, and the rich estate, and the family tree, with its Saxon roots, and its branches sometimes shooting into connexions with noble and royal personages.

My eldest uncle, the baronet, was a haughty man, who could not relish the thought that his brother was not quite as wealthy as he should have been, had he married the heiress whom it had been arranged he might have had. Selfish, as well as proud, my uncle did not think of bettering my father's circumstances out of his own ample resources, but offered to procure him a situation in Ireland—one of the Government appointments, by which obsequious

votes in the House of Commons were then rewarded. My uncle, I should have told you, had a "leading interest" in two boroughs. The offer was ungraciously made, but it was too good to be declined, for its emoluments were necessary; so my father accepted it, and removed himself and his wants from the vicinity of his proud brother.

I was an only child, for, while I was yet very young, my mother died; and I had completed my twentieth year, when it pleased Providence that my father should follow her.

His illness was very brief. He told me, only an hour before his death, what indeed, I had long expected, that he had fully lived up to his income. He had not taken the precaution, so requisite for persons whose incomes terminate with their lives, of securing provision for surviving relatives by means of insurance. He was constantly saying that he would commit this act of prudence, but he had deferred it from time to time, until it was too late. The fact was that—as *only* two brothers, with their families, stood between him and the

baronetcy—he had secretly calculated on the succession, at sometime or other. In this foolish expectation he had latterly lived—rather according to his hopes than his means. The result was that, when all his debts were paid, I found myself master of less than a hundred pounds. This sum was the whole of my worldly possessions at the time.

But I had greater treasures, although less readily convertible into food and clothing. I had youth, with its sanguine, hopeful spirit. I had energy, without which nothing exalted can ever be dared or done. I had confidence in myself. More than all, I had received a good education. My instructors had reported me as an idle boy, who could learn if he would. For the last three or four years after I had left school, I had “taken to learning,” as the saying is in Ireland, and as the proficiency thus acquired had somewhat made up for past carelessness, I had obtained a fair share of general information. The necessity for exertion was now a stimulus to my ambition. I resolved to go to London, not having been

brought up to any profession, there to adventure in the paths of literature.

One of my first steps, on my father's death, had been to write to my uncle, Sir Edgar Tressilian, acquainting him with the fact. In due course, I received a letter of condolence, formal and cold, informing me that his own health was excellent ; that one uncle had just broken his neck in leaping a double-ditch in a steeple-chase ; that the other, with his five sons—how, in the name of common-sense, *could* my poor father anticipate that all these who stood between him and the baronetcy, would be so complaisant as to die?—was well and flourishing ; and that the tone of independence in my letter forbade his presuming to offer any advice as to my position and prospects. Disgusted with the coldness of this epistle, I threw it into the fire, and was about sending the franked envelope to keep it company, when I saw a few lines pencilled within. I remember them well. They were these :—

“ ‘DEAREST COUSIN,

“ ‘Never mind my father’s letter. He gave it to me to seal, and thus I have chanced to read it. He does not mean the harshness which he writes. I am quite sure he would be glad to see you at Tressilian Court. Knowing that you cannot have an excess of the goods of Fortune, I must entreat that you will oblige me by using what I shall send to-morrow. I do not require it, and it may be of service to you.

“ ‘EMMA.’ ”

Next day, came a second and a longer letter from my cousin Emma. It enclosed £50—the savings or surplus of her pocket-money. I was greatly obliged by this kind and thoughtful gift, and was not too proud to accept of it.

It is twenty years since I first saw London—just twenty years next autumn. I had then only turned my twentieth year. I entered the mighty city as many a man entered it before me—that is, as a literary ad-



venturer. My money was soon spent, for I did not then know its value. My spirits sunk with my sinking fortunes. I had formed no extravagant hopes of success, but, I confess, that I had expected to meet with some employment for my pen. But there ever arose this difficulty—I was not only very young, but wholly unknown. Publishers and editors received me politely, but asked not what I *could* do, but what I *had* done ? I was quite a stranger, wholly untried, and they were naturally unwilling to risk the experiment of engaging with one who had yet to make a name. I did not blame them, even then, and I certainly cannot blame them now. It was one of the liabilities of the career upon which I had entered ; and, if some lucky chance in the chapter of accidents did not turn up, it was possible that I might never have the opportunity of shewing what I really could do. Of all the misfortunes in all this mortal life, I know few more heart-sickening than that of a man of letters, who feels that he has the ability to do what would give him high reputation, but can not obtain

the opportunity of getting the wished-for field of action for that ability.

“You may be sure that I did not forget to solicit the proprietors of the newspaper press. But here, again, the same thing occurred. Men of at least equal ability with myself, and the full experience which I did not possess naturally, were engaged; and while I lamented the fact, I could not wonder at it. I stooped—if a man can be said to stoop when he seeks for honest employment—I stooped even to solicit the situation of reader in a printing-office: the same result—I wanted experience, and employers care not to pay a man, and also show him how to do his business, and wait until he has learned it. Then, as I wrote a fair hand, and was a good accountant, I endeavoured to obtain the situation of mercantile clerk, but I had no one to whom to refer for character, and to give the requisite security for probity. It was the same with everything I tried—there always was some excellent impediment to my success. I might have been own brother to the unfortunate

gentleman who complained that, "if he had been a hatter, it was probable the human race would have been born without heads!"

At last, after I had been in London for some months, I was so fortunate as to obtain employment. Heaven knows it did not come before it was wanted, for my resources were literally *in extremis*. I am not ashamed to confess that I have known what it is to want food for more than a day, for I had to depend for mere existence on the remuneration, (slight enough at that time,) which I could obtain for such light articles of literature or criticism as I had disposed of to the magazines and weekly periodicals. But now, a more certain and remunerative field for literary exertion was opened to me. I was engaged as a principal contributor to a biographical work of some pretensions, and I prepared to enter upon it with the earnestness and industry which are requisite for such a purpose. I had established a character for punctuality and readiness while casually contributing to one of the magazines, and this induced its proprietor to offer me an engagement, which was

prosperity itself, compared with the condition out of which my recent struggles had not been able to extricate me.

On a fine morning in April, 1814, as I passed through the streets of London, truly alone in their "peopled solitude," I accidentally passed by St. George's Church, Hanover Square, just as a bridal party was entering that fashionable building. Curiosity led me in, to witness the performance of the marriage service. The bride was a charming girl, on the very verge of womanhood—not more than eighteen years of age, and scarcely looking as old. She was precisely, on that day, what Byron meant, when he described Aurora Raby as

"A rose, with all its petals yet unfolded."

The bridegroom was about four times her age. It certainly was not a love-match ; but neither did it appear to be a forced marriage. The young lady exhibited no appearance of regret at what *I* could not help thinking a great sacrifice. She demeaned herself with graceful elegance, and may be said to have gone

through the ceremony "as well as could be expected."

At the age of one-and-twenty, if ever, a man may have a little romance in his mind. What a dull plodder must he be who has not? For my own part, I have always been building castles in the air; and, on that day, looking upon that young and beautiful bride, I felt a strong regret that she should have been so unmeetly matched to Age; that—shall I own the weakness?—that she was not more meetly mated to myself.

Up to that hour, I had been heart-free. While gazing on this fair girl, the arrow entered into my soul. It was foolish—it was wrong. I knew that; but I could not help lingering for a parting and nearer gaze upon her. To look on such beauty was nothing wrong; to look on it, to love it, on the moment, as I did, *was*.

At last, the ceremony was concluded. I hastened out of the church, to catch a parting glimpse. A carriage was drawn up to the steps. The aged bridegroom hastened down

them as rapidly as his infirmities would allow, the bride supporting him rather than supported. The novelty and the excitement of her situation, had slightly tinged her cheeks with the most delightful and changeful blush imaginable. My fixed and eager glance met hers,—she blushed yet deeper beneath that steadfast impassioned gaze. The bridegroom, forgetful of the politeness which, *then* at least, should have been extended to the lady, entered the carriage before her. I saw all the embarrassment of her situation, and eagerly stepped forward to assist her. In truth, she had no other resource. Half confused, half angered, she took my proffered hand in preference to that of a liveried lackey. A moment, and she was in the carriage. She gracefully bowed her thanks—the vehicle whirled off—I stood alone, on the steps of St. George's Church, gazing after it.

My self-possession immediately returned. I bounded off at my utmost speed. The people whom I passed must have thought me mad. I contrived to keep the carriage in view,



though I became so exhausted by my long and rapid race, that I was more than once on the point of abandoning the pursuit. Still I mechanically toiled on—my heart heaving as if it were going to break ; my temples throbbing as if the blood would burst from the swelled arteries ; my knees bending beneath me. I was forced to lean against a lamp-post for support, utterly exhausted, when—the carriage stopped.

I stood in Harley-street. My fatigue was at once forgotten. Again I rushed forward—just in time to hand the bride from the carriage. The servants had no time to interfere ; perhaps they thought that I was one of her friends. She grew pale and red by turns. She did not refuse my hand, but her own trembled within it. She might not have wondered at my interference at the church-door, for that might have been only a simple act of courtesy ; but how must she have been surprised to see me before her, at the end of her route. All this was embarrassing—but there was no time for explanation, could I have given it. Her hand was ungloved ; the glove

fell to the ground. I raised it up, and ventured to press to my lips the fair hand I held. She looked into my face with a sort of smiling surprise as, with the air of a princess, she withdrew that hand. I turned aside. The aged bridegroom was on the threshold of his door by this time. The carriage rolled away. The white train of the bride swept within the hall. I saw her fair face turned toward me. I bowed. My salute was gracefully acknowledged. The door closed, and I stood in Harley Street, pressing the glove to my lips—feeling more alone than I had ever felt in my life, with a world of regrets that, until it was too late, I had not seen and known that bright creature who had glanced across my path for that brief time,

“ Too brief to meet, but never to forget.”

As I went home, I communed with my heart. The still, small voice spoke, and was neither unheard nor unheeded. I took a wiser resolution than young blood and heated imagination might have been expected to form.

I perceived that the lady and myself could have no interest in each other ; she was a wife now, and I but a struggling stranger. However unequally she was matched, still she *was* mated ; nor could I forget the great gulf thus placed between us. So I turned to my solitary home,—to be more solitary in future, by the contrast which fancy would create—and dreamed away the hours in a reverie, sad and soul-subduing. The next day, I arose a wiser man, and endeavoured to think more of what I had to do, and less of the bright vision, who, to me, as Wordsworth says, was—

“ A sudden apparition sent,  
To be a moment's ornament.”

I have said that I had obtained a literary engagement. It was peculiarly suited to my taste ; for, even when a careless schoolboy, reading all books, except those which I should have studied, I had delighted to learn history through biography ; to know public actions, and their motives, from the lives of the actors.

The work on which I was engaged was biographical ; and I wrote it, therefore, with a thorough liking for the subject. It gave me subsistence, and it brought me reputation. True, my gains were not very great ; but my wants were few, and my habits were not expensive. I had not much fame, but still it *was* fame. I got the credit for having done my work well ; and as this was the stepping-stone to distinction, I did not despise it. If not of the highest quality, yet it was of some value. I knew that he who hopes to look down from the mountain's brow, must first conquer the difficulties of the ascent ; and I was content to toil my way onward, as best I could, even though my stages were but small.

Although my thoughts sometimes reverted to the fair bride of Harley Street, she did not continue to engross my attention half so much as might have been expected from my sanguine temperament. I can account for this by stating, that, for twelve or fourteen months succeeding the adventure of the bridal, I was

so much engaged in authorship, that I really had not time to think of love. Now and then, I gazed upon the white glove, with mingled feelings. Perhaps, too, if I saw a graceful figure in the street or at the theatre, I may have looked, with more than common anxiety, to see whether the face was that of my unknown charmer; but to prove to you how very little, beyond the first impression, my heart was interested, I never went into Harley Street. You smile? You think that this avoidance proves I was not so very indifferent, or so very strong and sure in my indifference, as I would have persuaded myself I was? You may be right.

During all this time, I had scarcely heard any thing of those members of my father's family who had treated me with so much coldness and indifference. Once or twice, my uncle wrote to me on business; and I was not sorry to have the opportunity in my reply, of paying off pride with pride. It appeared that three of my cousins, ambitious of the doubtful distinction of being esteemed

“fast men” at the University, had drunk themselves into fever, and had died soon after, from the consequences of their hard living. The Baronet was anxious to sell part of his estates; but as I stood collaterally in the line of succession, my consent was necessary, according to family settlements, “merely as a matter of form,” (as I was told,) previous to his proceeding to “dock the entail.” I never wrote any letter with more satisfaction than that in which, respectfully but firmly, I declined all interference with the affairs of a family which had all but disowned my father, and had deserted me. I was resolved to show them that, in spirit at least, I was a true Tressilian. I subsequently was informed that my haughty uncle rather respected me for my unbending disposition. As it turned out, he had ample cause to rejoice over it. He wanted the money to make a large investment in the purchase of mining property, at the suggestion of some Douter-swivel of the day, and my refusal to join him in executing the necessary instruments saved him from ruin. The party who was induced



to enter into the speculation, lost nearly half a million by it, and eventually died in a mad-house. I sometimes had a letter from my cousin Emma, always full of affectionate interest in my well-doing. She was the sole link to bind me to my house.

One of the dreams of my early ambition had been to write a successful drama. In the year 1815, it was considered rather fashionable to have a dramatic taste. This was before the success of Macready,—the finest melodramatic actor of his time,—the best *Rob Roy* and *William Tell* upon the stage. But Kean had then recently appeared, and had carried the public along with him. There was truth in what he told his wife, when she asked him how Lord Essex liked his *Sir Giles Overreach*, “The pit rose at me.” Never was triumph more complete. The energy of the man,—the passion, the truth,—bore all before him. The secret of his success was tersely developed in the brief criticism of John Kemble,—“He is at all times terribly in earnest,”—a frank tribute, and a generous one, from one great

actor to another. The coldness of an English audience vanished, for the public became enthusiastic. Among them, I could not resist the power of the witchery. I was literally spell-bound by Edmund Kean's powerful delineations. You forgot, as you bowed before the whirlwind of passion which he raised, that his voice was defective, his action abrupt, and his stature insignificant. You could only note, that there, for the first time, you saw an actor setting at defiance, and deposing the hereditary "points" in each character, and substituting Nature's well-regulated impulses for the conventionalities of what was called the Classical Drama. You felt that, at length, this was to realize what you had imagined as the perfection of acting; other great performers might have been scholastic, this one was intellectual. You forgot, at times, that the scene was a mimic one, the circumstances unreal, and that the actor was uttering words written by another man, and merely committed to his memory. You saw that he felt every word he spoke. His singularly expressive, and well-cut Italian

countenance illustrated the sentiments to which he was to give voice; and then, his brilliant eyes,—they spoke as much as his lips did. Kean did not seem as if he were simulating a character, but as if he were the person he represented. Night after night, I followed with the public in the wake of his triumph, rejoiced to find that Nature and Truth were recognized upon the English stage, in the highest walk of the drama.

Then suddenly came the thought—how brilliant would success be if partaken with him and by his means. Why should not *I* write a play, in which *he* could perform? Mine to make the creation,—his acting to breathe into it the vitality of existence!

This thought I seized upon as a treasure. In a few weeks I had even commenced my task. I meditated much on the subject, and how it should be treated. The plot was fully developed in my mind before I put pen to paper. In two months I had completed the drama. Then followed a pause of a few weeks, after which the enthusiasm of com-

position having cooled down, I could calmly play the critic on what I had written, and prune the exuberance of the language, and strengthen, by compression, the consistency of the plot. Lastly, came the difficulty, undreamt of until that moment,—how to get it acted.

I had the boldness to do what the emergency required,—what, perhaps, the emergency alone could have fully justified. I waited upon Kean, with my play in my hand, and told him how his acting had enforced me to write. He encouraged my hopes, and soothed my doubts. He carefully read my play, and, approving generally of it, he suggested a few alterations, to give greater effect to the situations. I made them, and he approved. He even took upon himself to bring my play before the Committee of Drury-Lane Theatre,—that establishment whose fortunes he had redeemed. He did more; he introduced me to some of his most influential patrons and friends. I have heard that he was capricious in his manner and regard,—to me he was ever

most kind and considerate. What a noble heart that wondrous man possessed!

Kean had not miscalculated his influence at the theatre. My play was accepted and put in rehearsal, Kean himself consenting to take the leading part; which, indeed, I had written for him. As, avoiding the error of allowing one actor to monopolize all the effect, I had diffused the interest throughout the play, all who were to perform in it were well satisfied with their respective parts, and assured me, each and all, that they would use their best exertions to effect my success. I had faith in the promise, as it involved their own success also.

The play was produced. As I sat in the pit, alone in that great crowd, tremblingly anxious for its fate, I caught a glimpse of the bride of Harley-Street, in a private box immediately opposite me! There she sate, more beautiful than ever. A mourning dress was in admirable contrast and deep relief with the purity of her complexion. I had never paid much attention to the minutiae of female attire, and never until now had I occasion to regret the

ignorance which prevented my knowing whether I saw a widow's weeds. But no! those *could* not be the proverbially unbecoming garments of widowhood.

The play went on beyond my hopes, but I little heeded how it proceeded. My heart—my hopes had all been intent on its success; now, the whole was changed, like the shifting slide in a magic lantern—and my tragedy, the world itself, was nothing to me. *My* world sat before me, lovelier than ever my dreams had imagined her.

At last, the ordeal was past. The play was over, and announced for repetition amid shouts of applause; and few would have suspected that the abstracted, anxious being in the pit was the successful author. Some of my friends recognised me, made way to me, thronged round me, shook hands with me, and warmly offered me their congratulations. A whisper ran through the house—"the author." Presently the whisper found a voice. I felt, as painfully as proudly, that I was the object of general interest. I was triumphant. Not



fully two-and-twenty, I had gained a success such as, at that immature age, had been rarely even striven for. All eyes were upon me, all voices swelling to do me honour ;—the eyes I wished to meet, the voice I longed to hear, these alone were wanting. At length, the beautiful Unknown joined in the general interest : the murmur had reached her also. She had warmly applauded the play in its progress ; more than once, she had given it that sincerest of all tributes, her tears. Now, she turned to look upon the successful author ; her eyes coldly met mine, and, without any recognition, she rose to quit the theatre.

I also lost no time in quitting my place. So intent was I in the pursuit, that I did not heed, far less acknowledge, the plaudits that greeted me as I left the scene of my triumph. So much the better : it was attributed to my modesty ! The truth is, I was quite unconscious of the applause.

I was just in time. The lady's carriage was at the door. There was a dreadful crush, as there always was, at that time, when Kean

performed. Coachman strove with coachman in most bitter emulation ; ladies were frightened, gentlemen indignant. *The* lady was stepping into her carriage, when I saw the horses rushing on the pavement. I dashed forward to aid. I snatched her from her perilous position with one hand, while, with the other, I succeeded in restraining the fretted horses. Others came to give assistance, and I could then devote my whole attention to the frightened lady, whom I placed in her carriage. I also went in : the door was closed ; the vehicle rapidly disengaged from the tumultuous crowd ; the word " home ! " given and obeyed.

Meanwhile, my fair charge was scarcely conscious of what had happened. The rapid motion of the carriage somewhat restored her. " Where am I ? " she asked, as she recovered consciousness. My reply satisfied her ; a few broken words of explanation formed our conversation. I was too much excited by past recollections and the conflict of present thoughts ; she, independent of her recent alarm, had suf-

ficient excuse for silence. She might have felt disinclined to converse with a stranger, or probably she then was only conscious that somebody had rescued her from danger, and was escorting her home.

We soon arrived in Harley Street. We stopped at the well-remembered house. I saw a hatchment over the door. I perceived that the servants were in mourning. This gave confirmation to my hopes—God forgive me!—that my charmer was a widow. A great load of anxiety was thus removed from my heart.

Our journey was at an end. I handed the lady out of the carriage. She lingered for a moment to return me thanks, and politely requested to know to whom she was indebted for what she was pleased to term my “very particular kindness.” I did not half relish the cool manner in which the inquiry was made—just as if it were a mere matter of form. Perhaps I was a little piqued that she scarcely deigned to look at me while asking the question. I expected that, at the very least, she might have turned the full light of her counte-

nance upon the man who had probably saved her life at the risk of his own :—but there she stood, her face only half turned towards me, and her bright eyes most provokingly fixed, not upon *me*. You smile at this, I can smile now, to think how such a trifle could have annoyed me then. But such things, in the days of youth, will cloud the sunshine of the heart, and pale the cheek, and dim the eye, and dull the spirit. The joys and griefs of life are composed of trifles—even as the Andes are made up of atoms.

In reply to the lady's inquiry, I handed her my card, at the same time pronouncing my name. Nothing could be more rapid than the change caused by the utterance of the word "Tressilian." I doubt whether the "Open, Sesame!" of Ali Baba had a more sudden or powerful effect. The moment the word had passed my lips, she turned round, eagerly and earnestly fixing upon me an intense and searching glance, as if she would have read every secret of my heart. I have never pretended to be a very bashful man, but I quailed

beneath the intensity of that look. To make matters worse, it continued so *very* long! I began to feel as much annoyed by her excess of attention, as I had previously been by her neglect of it. Even a man of the world might have been embarrassed—I was but a man of letters, and “my order” are usually as little self-possessed as possible.

The lady found a voice at last, but not until she had read my features as you would read a book. If my identity were to be proved, she had qualified herself for a witness most completely.

“Tressilian?” she repeated. “It is very strange.” Then, after another pause,—“may I ask whether we have met before?”

I answered that we had.

“Will Mr. Tressilian be so obliging as to mention where and when ——?”

“About two years ago, at St. George’s Church.”

“Ah!” she said, “I remember it now. I really am very stupid not to have instantly recognised the gentleman, to whose attentions on my wed-

ding-day I was so much and so unexpectedly indebted. I was a little annoyed by them, too, at the time." These last words were spoken in rather a mirthful manner.

She went on:—"You are about asking my permission to call to-morrow, and inquire how I have got over to-night's alarm. Come! I shall only be too happy again to see the gentleman who has obliged me *thrice*."

I made some unintelligible reply. She cut short my compliments—"One word more: your name is Tressilian?"—I bowed assent.

"Julian Tressilian?"—I was surprised at her knowledge of my Christian name, as my look might have shown her.

"The nephew, I believe, of Sir Edgar Tressilian, of Cornwall?"—Again I silently assented.

"Then, Sir, I shall indeed be very happy to see you again; you will remember the house?"—This was said in a tone of inexpressible archness. "And you may do a more unwise thing than cultivate the acquaintance of its owner—the *Widow Stanley*."



The prettiest possible smile played upon her lips as she thus announced her name and widowhood. Cheerfully enough I promised to pay the visit, and departed with my mind full of thoughts, the most varied and contending.

It was one consolation to learn that my now known Unknown was not shackled by the bond matrimonial ; another, that she had forgiven, but not forgotten, my strange conduct on her wedding-day ; a third, that she had been not only very courteous, but apparently desirous to see me again. I was puzzled with conjectures as to the means by which she could have obtained such an accurate knowledge of my family connexions. So intent was my mind on these speculations, that I almost forgot my success at the theatre. By degrees, my thoughts flowed in a calmer current, and a sound, dreamless sleep closed my contemplations on that eventful evening. You will fancy this a "lame and impotent conclusion ;" but as I am telling you what occurred, and not inventing a romance, I cannot alter it.

I awoke early in the morning, and very

anxiously longed for the hours to run on more quickly. Never had they appeared so leaden-footed as then. Shall I confess it? my most anxious thought was to see—the widow of Harley Street? No; to have a glance through the newspapers. You cannot wonder at my impatience. My drama had been very successful on the stage; but a great deal, as regarded the mind of the public, depended on what the critics of the Press might say of it.

All of them seemed in a friendly conspiracy to be kind to me. Of Kean's acting they spoke enthusiastically. A light heart was mine; I was, indeed, one of the happiest men in London on that morning.

As the day rolled on, carriage after carriage stopped at my door. Never before had my humble apartments received such distinguished visitors. To have written a successful play was a great thing in those days; therefore, I had quite a levée of the gifted and the noble. I might gratify my vanity by naming some of them, and repeating what they said; but I have outlived that feeling, and must hasten my

story to a conclusion. Among my visitors was Kean, with his heart upon his lips, loud in my praise, and delighted with his own success. Never before had I experienced the deep, deep pleasure of hearing my own praises from the lips of those whose favourable opinion was distinction. I was proudly conscious of this great delight, for I felt that I had done something to deserve it.

At last—and I thought they never would have departed—my friends went away. Hurrying to pay my promised visit, I was in Harley Street in a very short time. I asked, “Is Mrs. Stanley at home?” I was told “Yes;” and that she had waited within all the morning.

I was ushered into a noble, and magnificently furnished room. At the time, I had eyes for neither its size, nor its splendid adornments; but I saw *one*, the loveliest, greeting me with a gentle and winning smile. Two years had matured her into a very charming woman; and, like Geraldine in *Christabel*, she was “beautiful exceedingly.”

My reception was courteous, and even kind.

In reply to some playful badinage as to my having fashionably delayed my visit until so late an hour, I frankly told her what had detained me.

“What!” she exclaimed, “are *you* the dramatist? Here is the *Morning Post*, with a full column of praise and extracts, and a mysterious announcement that the author of this new and successful play is nephew of a Baronet of ancient family in the south-west of England! Good Master Tressilian, your modesty will run a fair chance of being ruined!”

Once entered into conversation, I did not allow it to flag. Nor did we, even thus early, lack those mutual confidences which are so delightful when the parties are young, and of different sexes. I confessed how much I had been struck with her on her bridal day. She seemed to encourage my talking of myself. Believe me, that one of the most dangerous positions in which you can place a young man, as to allow him to speak of himself to a charming woman, who pays him the perilous com-

pliment of being interested, or seeming to be, in what he says:—the seeming is scarcely distinguishable from the reality in such cases, and often merges into it. That day fixed my fate.

There was every excuse for it—if love require excuse. The lady was not only beautiful but accomplished; more so, perhaps, than is usual at her age, for she was not yet twenty. But there was deep and solid good sense, like a rocky foundation, beneath the Corinthian embellishments of her mind. Added to this, there was strong feeling, with a dash of enthusiasm, and that most dangerous weapon which can be possessed by a pretty, witty, wilful woman—a keen perception of the ridiculous. This she possessed rather than wielded—the blade flashed rather than smote. In contemplative repose, her face would have reminded you of the beautiful description of one of the most imaginative of our poets,

“ Thought sits upon her happy brow—like light!

The pure young thoughts that have no taint of sin!  
Making the mortal beauty yet more bright,  
By the immortal beauty from within\*.”

\* From a sonnet by T. K. Hervey.

With so many natural and acquired advantages, I doubt to this hour, which was most to be admired, her beauty or her talents.

The interest which she took, or seemed to take, in whatever concerned me, was very flattering. My visit lasted two hours. Time was not leaden-footed *there*, and in that interval she had become acquainted with rather more of my adventures, few as they had been, than, a week before, I could have deemed it possible I should have communicated to any one. But when the auditor is fair and winning, the heart *will* speak freely.

There was this satisfaction—she was nearly as communicative as myself. Her father had held a high situation at Madras, in the Civil service of the East India Company. With the usual profusion of persons accustomed to Oriental habits of luxury, but without the prudence which many of them exercise, he had contrived to spend every sixpence of his income ; so that, when he died, his daughter Mariana was almost destitute. Mr. Stanley, who had been his schoolfellow in youth, and



his friend through life, took charge of the orphan, then a mere child ; sent her to England to be educated ; and, on his return from India, was so much struck with the *naïveté* of her manners and the freshness of her beauty, that, instead of adopting her as his daughter, which was his first intention, he offered her his hand and fortune. Mariana was without another friend in the world, was quite unconscious of the sacrifice she was making, and therefore had little hesitation in promising to espouse her father's friend. It was a new edition of "January and May," as far as years were concerned : for she was not eighteen, and he was about seventy. Shortly after she had made this promise, Mr. Stanley's health broke up, from the effects of climate and its change, and during several months of acute suffering, Mariana was his constant attendant, nursing him with the care and kindness of maturer years. On his partial recovery, he informed her that, in order to give her an indisputable right to succeed to his fortune, he still hoped she would become his wife—intimating that,

as he could not expect her to sacrifice her youth to his infirmities, they should still preserve their relative positions of parent and child by adoption. On such an understanding, their union took place. Its celebration, as I had seen, was as private as possible, but Mariana was a wife only in name. For about a year, she continued to tend the old man—ever at his side, with the affection and kindness of a dear child. His death left her in affluence :—the bulk of his fortune, amounting to some thousands a year, becoming her own without any restriction. She had continued to reside in the house which Mr. Stanley had purchased on his return from India. A female relative, to whom such a home was an object, lived with her as companion.

Such was the substance of what I heard, part of it not until long after—a story which rather damped my own hopes. If I despised one thing more than another, it was that wretched character a fortune-hunter. I own that, if I had been smitten before, I was doubly struck now, when a few hours' conversation had

revealed the rich and varied resources of Mrs. Stanley's mind. But here was a sudden dash to my hopes. If she had been poor, I would most gladly have been the friend to protect, and love, and cherish her through life. If she had been poor, I would have "coined my heart into drachmas" for her: I would have felt pride in tasking my mind to support her; but here, amid wealth and luxury, with all the friends they can command, she was too far above my aim.

You who know any thing of the passion-springs of the heart, of the passion-stirrings of the heart, of the rapture which the heart feels in converse with one whom it loves—you may imagine how rapidly flew the hours, while Mariana and myself thus conversed together, free and friendly as if we had known each other for years. When I enquired how the accident of the preceding evening had affected her, she told me that, until that morning, she had not been fully conscious of the extent of her obligations to me,—that, yielding to some unaccountable impulse, she

had gone to the theatre, escorted by a gentleman who was a near relative—that, the play having ended, she was about departing, when having reached the vestibule of the theatre, her escort heedlessly quitted her for a moment to hasten her carriage, which drove up before his return, and that I had arrived just in time to be of service to her.

We parted. I promised to repeat my visit—how cheerfully I kept my word! Day after day, the chain was more and more inextricably entwined around my heart. I knew it, yet I yielded to it. I could not resist the spell, and to my great joy, Mariana appeared as little loth as myself to continue the acquaintance. Sometimes, indeed,—when out of her presence,—I determined to be less passive, to wean myself, gradually and imperceptibly, from companionship so charming, and so perilous. But the resolution was sure to be broken. There was this new poem to be read, that song to be practised. Byron and Moore were pouring out Poetry and Melody, with vigour and sweetness at that time: to say nothing of a host of

minor singing-birds ; now I had promised to accompany her to see her portrait in the Exhibition—it was of the loveliest that Lawrence had ever painted ; to-morrow, we were to visit Windsor,—the next day, we were to join a party which had arranged to go to Dulwich,—in short, there was a round of engagements, and, as these were fulfilled, new ones were proposed and entered into. Thus, it was utterly impossible to keep my resolution of allowing the acquaintance to grow cold,—perhaps this was a principal reason why I so often made such a resolution.

I had a friend—a worldly-minded, hard man—who had made a fortune by the law, as respectably, no doubt, as it usually is ever so made. He was a shrewd, calculating man, wholly free from any idea of romance. He never would neglect his own interests, nor would he willingly injure the interests of others. He was so strictly just, that I did not think him capable of also being generous. I had rendered this man a service ; and, while thanking me, in a very few words, he told me

that whenever I required it, his advice was at my command. I do not know what motive impelled me to visit him, for he was about the last person in the world of whom one would think of making a confidant in an affair of the heart. Yet, I actually did go to him with that view. It may have been because I was confident he would not laugh at me. I told him what I felt, and feared, and hoped. He heard me with attention. "It strikes me," said he, "that this lady and her fortune would be a desirable speculation. It is evident that *she* has a fancy for you—that *you* are anxious to marry her. I see that you would marry her if she were friendless and fortuneless, and I cannot think that the accident of her being neither should stand between you and your desire."

All attempts to argue against his sophistry were put down with—"If *you* had fortune, you would share it with her; it happens that *she* has it, so the case is exactly the same, *mutatis mutandis*. You cannot do better than seriously pay court to this Mrs. Stanley, and



marry her as soon as you can. You will want money, perhaps? Here is a draft for a hundred pounds: draw on me for any further sums, within reason, which you may require for this purpose, and repay me when you have the means. Not a word more. You once did me a service, more essential than you imagine, and you must allow me to acknowledge it just as I think proper. I do not risk my money—it is written, as the Turks say, that you will repay it in the manner I point out.”

He literally pushed me out of his office. I was weak enough, foolish enough, worldly enough, to suffer my better feelings to be subverted by what that old lawyer said. I reasoned myself into the belief that he was right—nay, I fear that I went farther, and made calculations of the advantages which a wealthy wife might afford to a person like myself. I believed that, possessed of fortune, it would not be very difficult to open for myself a new and brilliant career. I had the vanity to believe that I was well qualified to

strive for and gain distinction in public life. I already contemplated, as part of the fruits of a prosperous marriage, not only a seat in Parliament, but rapid success in the new and ambitious pursuits of a politician. In short, I brought myself to think that my old friend, though he had put the matter in a very worldly point of view, was right in the main ; and I found myself even wondering, at last, how I could have allowed false delicacy to interfere between me and my preferment. I am very frank, you see : but the plain fact is, I became anxious to be Mariana's husband, not only because I loved her, but because the alliance would at once open to me a sphere of active exertion from which might spring personal distinction. As I walked home, I found myself thinking what a noble library I should have, what liberal patronage I should exercise towards living artists, what elegant hospitality should distinguish my establishment,—in short, how many gratifications for soul and sense might be purchased out of six thousand a year. So, with this baser alloy mingling

through my feelings, I continued my visits to Harley Street, and saw with delight that the widow was not heart-whole. The crisis was at hand.

One morning, as I was quitting my residence, three letters reached me, which the messenger—one of the attendants at a coffee-house which I frequented, and to which my correspondents were accustomed to address me—told me had been lying there for a day or two. I recognized the official seal of one, and found that it was from the treasurer of the Theatre, enclosing a draft for three hundred pounds as the payment for my play. I should have told you that its success was *real*—the theatre had not been packed with friends, on the first night, to applaud it whether good or bad,—it had not been advertised with the stereotyped puff of “splendid success,” to be dismissed, after three or four nights’ performance, into the tomb of all the Capulets.

This remittance gave me so much satisfaction, that, eager to carry into execution an

idea which had haunted me for some time, I thrust the other letters into my pocket without reading them, and hurried to my friend the lawyer. I seldom had greater satisfaction than when I repaid him his loan. He enquired when the marriage had taken place, and appeared surprised and vexed when I told him that matters remained precisely as they were when I had consulted him. It was clear that he considered me as a young man who had foolishly thrown away a good chance.

I proceeded to Harley Street. Mariana's manner was agitated, her words hurried. An indifferent subject of conversation was started, but neither of us pursued it. Silence followed. I know not how it was, but as we sat together in that silence, my hand unconsciously wandered, for the first time, gently to encircle Mariana's waist. My boldness increased, as I saw that the intrusion was scarcely reproof. Then, growing bolder, my lips ventured to press the ripe and pouting beauty of hers. Ere she could utter reproof, I was on my knee by her side, and had breathed all my

fear, and had ventured to whisper some of my hope.

A deep, deep sigh—a long, long gaze—the eyes suddenly withdrawn—a delicate blush—a slight pressure of my hand—a silence more voiceful than the richest oratory—a gush of sudden tears; these were her answers to my confession. In that answer, thus indicated, rather than expressed, I was fully repaid for all that I had suffered from the fever of my fear.

Then followed full and mutual confidences, each to each, of all that had disturbed our hearts. In the midst of this, I remembered that I had one confession yet to make—one due no less to my own honour than to my self-esteem. I made it thus—for well I remember every word uttered at that memorable interview—“My Mariana,” (it was the first time I had ever addressed her by her Christian name,) “I have told you much; pardon me if I have not told you *all*. You have given your heart to mine, in the trusty hope that I deserved you. *I do not*. I am the veriest

cheat that ever played with a trusting heart. I have dared, not forgetful of yourself, to remember your fortune. I have deceived myself—you I would not. I do not ask for forgiveness—I cannot forgive myself—spurn me—reject me—despise me. I will submit to it all—I deserve it all.”

She appeared astonished, and exclaimed—  
“Julian, *you* a fortune-hunter? *you* a cheat? You unconsciously exaggerate. You must not deceive me now!”

I told her all that passed between me and my friend. She listened attentively; a shade of abstracted thought seemed to cloud her brow. She said, “Julian, I would even hope that all you say were true, rather than believe that, having seen my weakness in confessing that you are not indifferent to me, you would trifle with me thus, and *now*. Answer me, do you know any thing new concerning yourself? Do you know any thing new about Tressilian Court?”

I answered truly, that I knew nothing.

“Nothing! Have not you got letters?”



I recollected the letters which I had received that morning, but had not opened, and I produced them.

She laid her hand upon mine before I could open them. "If," said she, "the contents of these letters should make your purpose waver for a moment, (and I know the intelligence they contain—have known it since yesterday, and thought it brought you to my feet to-day,) if your purpose waver for a moment, remember, I release you from your vows. I, too, would not be held as winning a heart, and having a worldly interest in view. Read your letters now."

I read them. One was from the solicitor of my family, written a week before, informing me that my uncle and his two sons had been lost at sea, on their voyage from Madeira, and suggesting the propriety, as I now was heir-presumptive to the title and estates, of my visiting Tressilian Court, where Sir Edgar, my only surviving male relative, was anxious to receive me, and would have written with his own hand, but was afraid, from the tone of our

previous correspondence, that his letter would be ungraciously received or returned. The other letter was from my cousin Emma, giving particulars of the shipwreck, and urging me to lose no time in visiting Cornwall. In a post-script—which is always said to contain the pith of a young lady's letter—she “hoped that my wooing thrive?”

You may imagine what my first impulse was. I felt no inclination to release Mariana from her plighted faith, rejoicing that I thus could prove that it was indeed *herself* whom I had sought to win.

In the conversation which ensued, she told me that she had been a school-fellow of my cousin Emma, and from her had learned of my evil fortunes; that when I first told her my name, her interest had thereupon been excited, and—all the rest was but a repetition of what her glances and blushes had confessed before. Having already heard from Emma Tressilian of my change of position and fortune, she had at first believed that, cheered by this ray of sunshine on my path, I had that

day come to tell her in words what her heart had conjectured long before. More than all, she told me that, having won her affection, she would have wedded me for myself, whether my fortunes were low, as I believed, or prosperous, as she knew them to be.

I went to Tressilian Court, where I became a favourite with Sir Edgar. Amid all his pride and neglect, it had been his cherished project to marry me to my cousin Emma, but *I* was engaged, and it appeared very soon that she was attached elsewhere.

One morning, there was a double bridal at Tressilian Court. The beauty of Harley Street became more beautiful in the wilds of Cornwall. My cousin Emma, transported to the garden of Wiltshire, was not less lovely than before, nor (her smiles said) less happy.

My uncle lived to see his grand-children climb his knee—to embrace my children also. He died some ten years ago. If any of my friends here wish to see how we keep up old customs at the Court, I can only say that Sir

Julian Tressilian will be glad of the opportunity of receiving them.

As for *our* happiness—but here comes my Mariana, little altered, to my eyes, from what she was when I married her. A son, who already undutifully aspires to overlook his father, and a daughter, who seems nearly as womanly as her mother, are living witnesses how years steal on us, no matter how happily they may pass.

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We thanked Sir Julian Tressilian for his story, and regarded his very charming wife with augmented interest. Slight as the narrative was, it bore the stamp of earnestness and frankness, with the appearance, amid much strangeness of circumstances, of being true.

“I have never coveted anything,” said Mr. Butler, “so much as the reputation which arises from a successful drama;—I mean in the higher rank of that department of literature. It is more enviable than that which any other kind of fiction can bring to the author, and in-

finitely higher, in its universality, than what a Painter usually can realize.”

“There can be no doubt,” observed Tressilian, “that the success of which you speak is pleasing and exciting, but I doubt if it have any thing like the permanence arising from performances more purely literary. A book, for example, has its season of popularity, but if it possess real merit, it outlasts the immediate and more ardent success which it met with at first ; it finds a succession of admiring readers, year after year ; while a popular play runs through a season, is then laid upon the shelf, and rarely is heard of more.”

“You forget that a good drama, though it may cease to be acted after a time—but this does not necessarily follow—is read in the closet, long after it has had its course upon the stage. He who writes what, for distinction-sake, we may call a book, achieves his reputation by a slower process than the dramatist. Weeks or months may pass by before the book-maker has the *éclat* of success, but the drama-

tist bounds to the goal with one effort, and in a single night. He may enter the theatre an unknown man—he leaves it covered with laurels; and while his play is before the public, he has a succession of nightly triumphs.”

“Yes!” exclaimed Lady Morton, “and what triumphs! He sees the highest histrionic talent employed to illustrate what he has written, throwing new light, as it were, upon his thoughts, and investing them with an atmosphere of superior intelligence. He hears the hidden meaning drawn out of every sentence, by the actor’s skill,—the inflections of voice, the variations of intonation, the grace of attitudes, the flexibility of countenance, the poetry of action all uniting to develope the passion and the pathos, the force and the tenderness of what he has composed. He finds appropriate scenery and costume, judiciously employed to give the greatest possible semblance of reality to the drama. He has a brilliant theatre, rich in ornaments, and profuse in lustrous light, in which his play is represented, and, when required, Music lends her aid to the illusion. He



turns from the stage to the audience, and beholds a moving sea of faces in the pit, a thronging crowd of people in the gallery, a crush of fashion and beauty in the boxes. Unless he be more or less than man, what thought *must* then occupy his mind?—that *he* has gathered all those people under that roof; that his writing, spoken by the actors on the stage, is able to make all these hearts beat and throb as with the power of an enchanter, and that his is the might beneath which the tears flow and the smiles arise as if at will. Say not, then, that the more enduring fame of the man who writes a book is preferable to the enthusiasm which rewards the efforts of him who writes a successful drama of the higher order.”

“ You argue so eloquently,” said Tressilian, “ that I am almost afraid of replying to you with cold words of reason. But in your brilliant sketch, you view only one side of the question, and that by far the brightest. You use too much *couleur de rose*. You do not consider that even a good play may not suc-

ceed. You forget how completely he who *writes* is at the mercy of those who *act* the drama. We shall even imagine, if you wish, that the piece has been produced, and has succeeded ; and I grant you that the delirium of such success is very delightful. But, on each successive representation, as on the first, there is a constant chance of something going wrong, which may turn the passion of the scene into what is ludicrous. A moment's delay in the shifting of a scene—the curtain raised or lowered at the wrong time—the failure of one of the hundred mechanical processes behind the scenes on which depends the perfection of what is shown on the stage—these are things liable to occur at any time during a performance, and one of these would change the plaudits into hisses. These depend mainly on the intelligence or the sobriety of workmen, and may be provided against, by the selection of proper persons. But who can guard against failures arising from the neglect, the forgetfulness, the caprice, the spleen, the ignorance, the dulness, or the envy

of the actors themselves. He who has the smallest character in the play—the mere delivery of a letter, for instance—may so mar the scene in which he appears, as to throw an air of burlesque upon the most serious and touching passages. On the other hand, the author of a book, if his reputation be of less sudden growth, has more certainty of its continuance. What he has written, will stand or fall by the impression which its perusal makes on each individual mind, and on the multitude of minds.”

“I notice,” said Crayon, “that the comparison between the success of a dramatist, and a painter, has been only glanced at. For my own part, I think that Literature, as regards the permanence of fame, may claim a higher place than Art. It is tradition, in many cases, against fact. A picture or a statue perishes, a book lives for ever.”

“What!” said Tressilian, “with all the eternal specimens of ancient and modern art before us—in painting, sculpture, and architecture—with which Europe is crowded? You

forget the Titians, the Raphaels, the Guidos, the Corregios, the Murillos, the Michel Angelos, to say nothing of the master-minds to which we owe the Apollo Belvidere, the Medician Venus, the Laocoon, and a host of other statues."

"No, I fully bear them all in mind," replied Crayon, "and I remember also how the epics of Homer, and the dramas of Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes have maintained a yet greater celebrity. When I think of the permanence of letters, and the perishing nature of what the Fine Arts produce, I am tempted to exclaim, as Napoleon did, when some one spoke of an immortal painting, the material of which, with care, might last for five hundred years, 'Bah! the immortality of a picture!'"

"The painting itself might perish," said Lady Tressilian, "but its memory would last. The graver perpetuates what the pencil has drawn. I remember that when we were at Milan, we were shewn Leonardo da Vinci's picture of The Last Supper, which was at

once the glory of the Painter, and the wonder of the age which he had adorned. But, within a century after it was executed, it had so much mouldered away from damp, and want of care, as to have presented but the shadow of its original beauty. It is not now known whether it was originally painted in oil, fresco, or tempera. When we saw it, it was so much the fragile vision of a picture, that we had some difficulty, at first, in tracing even the outlines. But though the colouring could not be re-produced, the composition has been made eternal. There are so many engravings of this picture, that we can now almost bear with its loss. So, after all, it does not appear quite so absurd to talk of ‘the immortality of a painting.’ While the graver remains, with skilful hands to use it, no picture can be lost—the colouring may fleet, but the grace and form remain.”

“Well,” said Mr. Butler, with a smile, “I am not convinced, for the engraving can but give us *form*, and *colour* is an essential which nothing can supply.”



"Just now," observed Tressilian, "I should rather write a book than a drama—because, after I had completed my play, the chance is, that it would remain in my own desk, or in company with a heap of other unacted dramas, in the Manager's drawer."

"Truly, as you say," said the Major, "the drama is at a low ebb, when we compare it with what it was, even a score of years ago."

"There are obvious causes for its decline," said Mr. Moran, who had been out of the room during the preceding dialogue, and had only just returned. "The actors, and the play-wrights, are not equal to what they have been."

"Why not?" asked Tressilian, "because acting and writing, like spring-flowers, require the sunshine. Twenty, or five-and-twenty years ago, it was the fashion to go to the play. The 'good old King,' as people loved to call George the Third, went at least once a week to one of the large theatres, while he was in London, and the people went also, as much, perhaps, to see Royalty in the boxes, as the



actors on the stage. Where Royalty went, the Aristocracy followed. When there was patronage like this, a good company of performers at each theatre was a necessity, and high talent was well remunerated for writing for such performers. When Royalty ceased to attend the theatres, the Aristocracy also ceased ; and not only the Aristocracy, but the crowd who aped to follow in their footsteps. Change of fashion, too, making the dinner-hour later, rendered it inconvenient for the noble and the wealthy to visit the theatres. But this change did not interfere, and, indeed, rather chimed in with the late hours at the Italian Opera. Thus, by degrees, the National Stage, for acting, grew out of favor, and the Italian Stage, for singing, became the fashion. To revive the drama, requires only the encouragement which native talent ought to receive, and has every right to expect."

"Yes," said Crayon, "provided the Starring system be abolished. It has led to extravagant sums being paid to a few puffed individuals, and, as a necessary consequence, to the

reduction of the salaries paid to the bulk of the performers. When one hears of as much being paid to a melo-dramatic actor, as a Star, for a single night's performance, as was paid to Mrs. Siddons or John Kemble for a month's laborious and constant acting, we need not wonder at theatrical speculations being unremunerative."

"There is much in what you say," said our Irish friend. "My father told me that at the Crow Street Theatre, in Dublin, in his day, the drama was so popular that sometimes there used to be more in the house, than the house could hold."

"A bull, by Jove," exclaimed the Major, amid laughter from all—none enjoying it more than the maker of the blunder.

"Ah," said he, "that is nothing of a bull to one that I heard the other day. Two Irishmen met after a long separation. After mutual enquiries, one asked the other after the health of a certain cousin, 'Mighty ill,' was the answer; 'she's had the fever, and it has brought her down terribly. You are thin

and I am thin, but she's thinner than both of us put together.' ”

“It reminds me,” said Mr. Butler, “of what once took place between Sheridan Knowles and William Abbott, the actor, at Bath. They met in Sydney Gardens, and Knowles said, after the usual interchange of compliments, ‘I am leaving this place to-morrow ; can I take any letters for you ?’ ‘Where are you going ?’ said Abbott. ‘I have not made up my mind yet,’ was the reply.”

When the mirth which this sally had caused was ended, the conversation was resumed.

“The patronage of the Drama,” observed Crayon, “is a conventional phrase, which we should reject from our vocabulary. Neither Literature, Art, nor Science should depend upon mere patronage. The Nation itself, rather than individuals, should patronize merit wherever it be found. The Fine Arts, for example,—how far has the nation recognized them ? A few monumental common-places in St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey, certainly

do not show what our Sculptors can perform ; and in Painting, little has yet been done to encourage and reward genius. We give accommodation to a Royal Academy, which has never yet allowed one of the public within the Exhibition rooms without payment."

"You will admit, at any rate," said Tressilian, "that we have a National Gallery open to the public?"

"I will admit," replied Crayon, "that we have some fine paintings, chiefly by the Old Masters, forming the nucleus of what, by purchase, gift, and bequest, will eventually become a very valuable collection. My idea of a National Gallery is this :—The best paintings and sculptures executed by Native Artists, whether publicly exhibited or not—because works of merit are frequently not even received into the Exhibitions, on the plea of "want of room"—should be purchased for the country, year after year, on the responsibility of a Committee of Selection, consisting of men of recognized taste and judgment, none of whom should be in any way connected with any

Exhibiting body of Artists. So small a sum as Thirty thousand pounds a year, judiciously expended in this manner, would do more to advance Art and Artists than twice the amount disbursed by private purchasers. This would be the most effectual recognition of Art; and, if this system were once in operation, the Painter and the Sculptor would have their faculties called into emulative action, from a consciousness that they were working for a National reputation. We should thus have a constantly increasing collection of works of native Art—the best productions of each year—and, as these accumulated, specimens of each artist might be drafted off into provincial galleries, and thus extend a knowledge of art, by placing constantly before the public examples, of what Genius and Talent are accomplishing, season after season, in this country. What we now know as the National Gallery might be continued—but exclusively limited to works of Continental artists, whether ancient or modern. Thus, as has indeed been attempted in the Royal Institution at Liver-



pool, with the paintings collected by Roscoe, the history of Art might be traced by the works of successive artists. In our own National Gallery, on the plan I suggest, the history of British Art might be shown in like manner, and different styles contrasted and compared, not only without difficulty, but with comparative ease and undoubted advantage."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Butler, "but would not this rather tend to dispense with private patronage?"

"On the contrary, it would lead to such a knowledge of Art and a taste for it too, as would necessarily involve, with that knowledge and taste, an increase of private patronage. But this should commence at the right end. At this moment, advanced in civilization as we boast ourselves, we know so little of Art, that when a man makes purchases, he buys a *name* rather than a *performance*. The celebrity of the artist, rather than the real merit of the work, has too much become the test. In literature it is otherwise. There, the educated mind



forms its own judgment, and will not approve of what is indifferent, because a great name is labelled on it. A book is estimated justly, on its intrinsic value, though, naturally enough, its perusal gives increased pleasure if it be from the pen of an established and familiar writer, because the reader then has the opportunity of comparing the new performance with previous performances, and of judging for and by itself, whether it exceed or fall short, not only of the general standard, but of the standard which that particular writer has enabled us to make of his own capacity and knowledge. The principles of Art should form part of every gentleman's education, just as the principles of Literature do. Then, a gentleman would be able to recognise the value of a work of art, whoever the author, as readily as he now recognises the value of a literary composition, and would not hesitate to become the possessor of what he knew to be good, even though the artist's name had hitherto been unheard of. But now, place a fine production, from an unknown hand, beside a piece of mediocrity by

one who has gained the world's applause, and the good work will scarcely find a purchaser, even at a low price, while the indifferent work will be bought for a large sum, because its maker is known. Why is this?—because, with a few exceptions, those who buy works of Art, do not possess even that general knowledge of the principles of Art, which would enable them to appreciate merit whenever it was exhibited. In the fulness of time, perhaps, that knowledge will be taught at the Universities and elsewhere, to those who, as possessors of wealth, purchase works of Art for their own private collections, or, as legislators, may be called upon to vote public money on account of a National Gallery.”

“ There is a fashion in those things,” said Tressilian, “ as there is in theatricals ; and when the lead is given in the highest quarter, Aristocracy and Wealth will always follow it. The formation of a National Gallery such as Mr. Crayon has suggested, would not prevent the fullest encouragement being given to Art by individuals. But the example should be

shown by Royalty. So small a sum as Ten Thousand a year, which could easily be spared from the Civil List, judiciously expended in the purchase of Works by British Artists, would lead to the expenditure of a hundred times that amount by the Aristocracy of Rank and Money. People speak of George the Fourth as having been a liberal patron of Art. It is true that he spent a great deal of money in the purchase of pictures, but his taste chiefly ran upon the Flemish School, from the fact, I believe, that the rooms in Carlton House were not suited for large pictures, though he sometimes did encourage native talent. What a magnificent collection might our Sovereign make—how richly and appropriately adorn the Royal Palaces—by dispensing even such a small annual amount as I have named in buying the productions of native skill and genius, confident, too, that, from the mere habit of following in the footsteps of Royalty, there would be extensive emulation in this as there is in meaner purposes. But while native talent is not sufficiently encouraged, we shall continue

to find our Artists not only struggling for glory, but sometimes even for the smallest means of existence."

"Do you not unconsciously exaggerate?"

"No," said Crayon, "I am afraid there is too much truth in what he says. There is Haydon, whose life has been a prolonged struggle. He is the boldest, and, with all his faults, which certainly do not spring from a common-place mind, one of the most original painters of our time. Contrast the neglect which has awaited him with the encouragement that the French gave to David, so much inferior. Not one of our Academy Presidents or Professors have lectured as well as Haydon, because none have so thoroughly understood the principles of Art—few have sent out more distinguished pupils. Earnest, laborious, and enthusiastic—an example, in sobriety of life and earnestness of application, to his fellow students—obtaining, at an unusually early age, the largest prize from the British Institution,—following up that by a series of successful efforts in the highest department of Art, and

yet never admitted into the Royal Academy, though it might have been expected that such a body would have been proud to honour a man initiated into Art in its own School. Or, take the case of John Martin, who produces noble works which speak to the mind through the eye—master of space, sublimity, and power—subduing vastness so as to contract or transfuse it at will—and yet, when he pleases, giving exquisite glimpses of the beautiful landscapes with which our merry England is full. But it has been for foreign Academies and foreign Princes to render him that justice, which the self-elected dispensers of honours have refused him at home. I have ever thought kindly of George the Fourth since he befriended Haydon in his distress. As yet, however, no Royal Palace in England has been enriched by the acquisition of one of Martin's pictures. The error, in this country, partly arises from the recognition of merit by the Academy, often being tardy or capricious. Take the case, for example, of Lough, our own Sculptor. Some years ago, in early manhood,



inspired by genius, and instructed by nature, he surprised the world with his "Milo," a work of a loftier character than British Art had yet produced. In rapid succession, (for genius is always productive) followed other great works, among which his "Battle of the Standard,"—his "Satan," his "Orpheus," his "Duncan's Horses," will challenge competition.\* The Academy has not honoured itself by conferring membership upon him, and his works are not in Royal palaces. Not thus was native Art neglected on the Continent. There, even amid their wildest schemes of ambition and conquest, the Princes and their Nobles encouraged Art. If the subject has not quite fatigued you, I shall be happy in being permitted to relate an anecdote of Velasquez, the Spanish painter, whose King was also his familiar friend."

As we all concurred in wishing to hear this anecdote, Mr. Crayon thus related it :—

\* Since the date of this conversation, Lough has produced his Shaksperian Statues—by far the loftiest and most original productions of our time and country, and the only embodiments in Sculpture of our greatest Poetry.



## V.

VELASQUEZ AND HIS MESTIZO.

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IN the Alcazar Real, at Madrid, two centuries ago, one suite of apartments was particularly honoured. Therein, Genius had its "local habitation." There its works were executed under the personal *surveillance* of one who, amid the weight of Royal duties, not only delighted to hold familiar converse with the followers of Art, but was also the patron of Letters. The monarch was the same Philip the Fourth, to whose acquaintance, as Prince of the Asturias, we have been introduced by Gil Blas. The Painter, (distinguished in his own time, and for all time, as rivalling the

skill, in portraiture, which Titian and Vandyke have elevated into historical importance,) was Diego Rodriguez da Silva y Velasquez.

Born at Seville in the last year of the sixteenth century, (the same time in which Vandyke was given to the world at Antwerp,) of parents who were noble in blood, but reduced in circumstances, Velasquez received from them all that they could bestow—a liberal education. He shewed such an early and strong predilection for Art, that he was placed under the elder Herrera—an artist whose temper was warm, as his genius was undoubted, and whose vigorous touch and brilliant colouring, even yet may be considered as scarcely inferior to what is exhibited in the best works of Rubens. From him, no doubt, Velasquez derived the boldness and vigour which so soon distinguished him. But no pupil could long endure the ill-temper and harshness of such a master as Herrera, and Velasquez sought and found more agreeable instruction from Francisco Pacheco, to whose pen, as its historian, Spanish Art owes more than it does to his

pencil. Alonzo Cano, afterwards so distinguished as a Painter, Sculptor, and Architect, was the fellow-pupil of Velasquez, under Pacheco.

It would appear as if, even like Titian with his masters, the Bellini, Velasquez soon emerged from the conventional methods and hard style of his second instructor. Pacheco was one who carefully observed the traditions of Art—he has been called “a man of rules and precepts,”—he was always elaborate, sometimes graceful, but he did not presume to follow Nature. Velasquez, on the contrary, commenced, continued, and ended, by holding Nature in view. From the first, he neither sketched nor coloured any object which was not actually before his eyes. For a time, he painted nothing but still life, and the few specimens of this early industry which remain, shew all the minuteness and literal fidelity of the Flemish school. Sometimes, he went among the multitude for studies,—he found them in the streets of Seville, and on the highways of Andalusia, and he painted them

with a spirit and faithfulness, such as are not surpassed even in the works of Murillo. Thus, by a variety of Labour, he acquired Facility, and with these he combined Truth ; thus, too, the Actual has predominated in his works over the Ideal. After five years study, under the roof of Pacheco, during which time he had the opportunity of full and constant communion with the most polished and cultivated society in Seville, he determined to visit Madrid, in order to study the great painters of Castile on their native soil, to examine the treasures of Italian Art which had been accumulated there by the taste and munificence of the Emperor Charles V. and his successors, and to establish himself, if he could, in a city, where Painting, Sculpture, and Literature were then eminently encouraged—the reigning monarch, Philip IV., being their great patron, and himself imbued with taste and knowledge. During the reign of this monarch, the Castilian stage may be said to have been in its greatest glory—men of letters filled honourable posts about the kingly person

—Philip wrote his own fine language with spirit and elegance—he was himself a poet ; and a tragedy from his pen, on the story of an English favourite, Essex, still maintains its place among the dramatic wealth of Castile,—he has been praised as one of the most accomplished musicians of his time—he could draw and paint with skill and effect, and thus had practical knowledge to assist his judgment—he projected an Academy of the Fine Arts, which the jealousies of artists alone caused not to be established,—he applied himself during a long reign, to the acquisition of works of genius, encouraging native talent, employing his ambassadors and other agents to purchase all paintings, sculptures, and bronzes of undoubted merit, which were to be had for money, in foreign countries, no matter what the cost,—he bartered the gold of Mexico and Peru, for the artistic treasures of Italy and the Low Countries ; and, not content with culling the fairest flowers from contemporary studios, employed the best artists in his kingdom to visit foreign climes, thence to

select for his collection at Madrid, and to procure, and make good copies of such paintings and statues, modern and ancient, as money could not procure. Never, at any period, nor in any country, has Art found a patron at once so discriminating and munificent, as Philip the Fourth of Spain. Had our own Charles Stuart fallen upon less troublous times, perhaps he might have merited equal praise.

At the age of twenty-three, having completed his studies at Seville—studies which were not confined to painting alone, but included anatomy, the exact sciences, architecture, general literature, the history of art, and the language of Italy—Velasquez proceeded to Madrid, accompanied by a single servitor. He arrived there in April, 1622, taking with him, among other introductions from Pacheco, a letter to Don Juan de Fonseca, a man of noble birth, a native of Seville, an amateur artist of some merit, and attached to the person of the King by his office of Usher of the Curtain. Through him, Velasquez obtained the *entrée* to the royal galleries, in



which he industriously studied for several months. Fonseca vainly endeavoured to prevail upon the King to sit for his portrait to Velasquez. The youthful monarch had ascended the throne during the preceding year, and was disinclined, thus early, to give to Art the hours then claimed by Pleasure. Therefore, Velasquez quitted Madrid without having painted the King. However, a friendship had been formed between him and Fonseca; and this was exercised so beneficially in his behalf that, in a few months after his return to Seville, the Count-Duke of Olivarez sent Velasquez a letter of command to proceed to Court. Thither he went, accompanied, as before, by Juan de Pareja, his slave. Velasquez immediately painted the portrait of his friend Fonseca, in whose house they lodged. The very day the picture was finished, it was taken to the palace, where it was seen and admired by the King, the Infantes, and the courtiers, all of whom immediately came to visit him. Without any delay, Velasquez was retained for the King's service, under a per-

sonal order from the monarch himself. He was commanded to paint a portrait of one of the King's brothers,—made a sketch of Charles Stuart, Prince of Wales, then on his love-visit to Madrid,—and commenced that fine equestrian portrait of Philip which, when completed in August, 1623, was exhibited in the most public thoroughfare of Madrid, eliciting sonnets from poets, critical remarks from rivals, the praise from the Minister, Olivarez, that the portrait of the King had never been painted until now, and the expression of a design on the part of Philip not only to sit to none but Velasquez, but to collect and cancel all previous portraits of himself.

This was the culminating point of the fortunes of Velasquez. He was made the King's Painter,—granted a handsome residence adjoining the palace, with a liberal allowance for his support,—presented with the means of conveying his family from Seville to Madrid,—engaged constantly on portraits of the royal family,—encouraged by large remuneration to execute historical and other paintings,—re-

ceived an appointment about the royal person as Usher of the Chamber, for having produced, in competition with other and eminent artists, the best representation of the Expulsion of the Moriscoes by Philip III.,—speedily raised to the rank of Gentleman of the Chamber,—further encouraged by the royal patronage being extended to his father,—permitted, on the recommendation of Rubens, to go to Italy for two years, without loss of appointments or income, and with liberal presents from the King,—honoured for his genius while abroad,—graciously received by his Royal master on his return, in 1631, and favoured with that removal to a studio in the Alcazar, which enabled the King to pay him daily visits,—taken as the King's companion in his northern journey, in 1642, when the Catalans revolted under the harsh government of Olivarez, and to Arragon, two years later, when Philip in person besieged, took, and triumphantly entered Lerida,—sent on a mission to Italy, in 1648, to collect works of Art, partly for the Royal galleries, and partly for the intended Academy

of Madrid,—executed at Rome a portrait of Pope Innocent X., so strikingly like, that one of the Chamberlains seeing the picture through the door of an ante-room advised his fellow-courtiers to lower their voice, as the Holy Father was in the next chamber,—made a portrait of his faithful servitor Juan de Pareja, for which the Roman artists elected the Painter into the Academy of St. Luke,—rewarded, on his return to Madrid, after a three years' absence, with the appointment, at once dignified and lucrative, of Aposentador-Major of the King's household, which made him at once Master of the Ceremonies, Lord Steward, and Lord Chamberlain,—received the office of Gold Key, giving him, as of right, a key which opened every lock in the Palace, an appointment heretofore bestowed on none but the highest nobility,—and was thenceforth consulted by the King, not only on matters of Literature and Art, but, as one who had read much and visited foreign countries, on state and family affairs of importance and delicacy. Thus honoured, encouraged, rewarded, con-

fided in, by a monarch singularly jealous and captious, was Velasquez the painter. He had obtained an eminence so high as to be considered well nigh perilous.

Years had rolled on, and it was now the twenty-third since the Painter, then just entered into manhood, had engaged the attention of King Philip, at that time little more than a youth. Now, the monarch had reached his fiftieth year, while the Painter was his senior by five years. In the Studio, at the Alcazar, two persons might be seen—the King and the Painter. There was a third, (if one so humble be, indeed, worth notice) a Slave, named Juan de Pareja. The son of a Spanish Cavalier, and an African woman, Juan was a *Mestizo*, or half-caste, one of a description of slaves, then common in Andalusia. He was some seven years the junior of Velasquez, and had been his property from childhood. He was a bright-eyed Mulatto, well-featured, neither lacking intelligence nor observation—but who would heed *him*? For years past his duty had been to attend on his master in the studio ; to clean

the brushes, grind the colours, prepare the palettes, adjust the canvas, and fix the easel in its proper angle of inclination. He had grown from childhood into the vale of years, in this employment. Too insignificant was a menial Mestizo, in the eyes of Prince and Painter, for a single thought. They always conversed together, while he was in the room, precisely as if he were absent. And yet nature had endowed the Mestizo with some gifts, and, among them, with genius!

It was now the year 1656. Velasquez was busy on that last great work, which artists and connoisseurs have agreed to call his *chef d'œuvre*—as much from the difficulties which he combatted and overcame, as the consummate resources of art, which he then developed. This is the large picture, called Las Méniñas (or the Maids of Honour,) which now is one of the gems of the Royal Museum of Madrid. It represents Velasquez, painting the Infanta of Spain, Maria Margarita, who afterwards became Empress of Germany. On the left, one Maid of Honour presents a cup, on a salver,



to the youthful, and fair-haired Princess, represented in the centre of the picture ; another is in the act of making an obeisance ; two dwarfs vary the action in the fore-ground by caressing a majestic dog ; behind, a Lady of Honour, attired as a nun, is speaking to one of the officers of the Court ; through an open door is seen another officer ascending a staircase ; in a mirror near this door, are reflected the countenances of the King and Queen, who, though out of the bounds of the picture, are thus shown as part of the principal groupe. Around the room are represented pictures from the hand of Rubens. To add to the pictorial difficulties, the apartment is shown as lighted by three windows on one side, and an open door at the end, thus giving the cross lights, which artists so much dislike. In the extreme right of the picture is placed the easel on which Velasquez is at work, and beyond it is the Painter, with the palette and pencils, pausing for a moment as if to look at the effect of his composition. Every figure is the size of life, and it has been justly said that

the perfection of art, which conceals art, was never better attained than in this picture.

“The work advances bravely,” said the King, “it will certainly be finished to-day. The Queen, who has come daily to see it, has spoken so much, and so warmly of it, that all the Court are impatient to behold, and to admire it. You have certainly surpassed all that you have done. Turn where I may, the blue eyes of the Infanta seem to follow me. I doubt, my Velasquez, whether the likeness be not even more striking than that of the Admiral Pareja, which you painted for me immediately after your second visit to Italy. You remember that ?”

“Your Majesty has resolved that I shall not forget it.”

“Could I forgive the first, and only deceit you ever used towards me ? I had sent the Admiral to his command in New Spain. He had taken leave. I thought him far away. I came into this room, from which you had excluded all light, save that which falls upon the canvass. The portrait that you had finished

stood against the wall, in yonder corner. Mistaking it for the man himself, I angrily rated the Admiral for having delayed his departure. I received no reply, and then, as I advanced, I discovered my mistake."

"Yet, Sire," said Velasquez, "it is no uncommon thing for a painting thus to deceive. To say nothing of Zeuxis deceiving the birds with his grapes, or Parrhasius painting a curtain, which deceived even Zeuxis himself, it is related that when Titian exposed his portraits of Pope Paul the Third, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in the open air, one on a terrace, and one beneath a colonnade, the populace, who went by, reverently saluted them, as if one had actually held the keys of St. Peter, and the other the sceptre of the great Charlemagne."

"As to Zeuxis and Parrhasius," said Philip, "you have gone very far back for examples, which may or may not be true. With respect to the portraits by Titian, in sooth, if ever pencil could effect a miracle, it was his, and the story may be believed. But he only

deceived the populace in the streets, who know little of Art, while you, my Velasquez, did deceive your friend, a King who at least claims the merit of loving, and of understanding the excellencies and difficulties of Art. I tell you that I thought that I actually was face to face with the swarthy features, and overhanging brows, and thick dark hair, and somewhat surly features of our Admiral. I am surprised that you should have travelled out of Spain for an illustration. Have you forgotten that Juan Pantoja, who was in great favour with Philip the Second and his successor, painted an eagle which had been caught in the chase near the Prado, and did it so well, that when the eagle saw the picture, he broke loose, and tore the canvass with his talons and beak, believing he saw an opponent."

Thus familiar was the conversation between the Monarch and the Painter. Presently the pencil was laid aside—resumed once or twice, to give more and more finishing touches,—and then Velasquez announced that his work was done.

“Methinks,” said the King, after he had long, and attentively surveyed it, “there is no better picture than this in Spain. I rejoice that I suggested the main points of its composition, and persuaded—nay, even had to command you, to enrich it by the introduction of your own portrait. In after-times, believe me, this painting may derive much of its interest from its exhibiting to posterity the resemblance of him whose pencil has executed it. One thing, and one only, that portrait wants, but it can be supplied at another time, if not by another hand.”

Velasquez bowed—for he was too much a courtier to bandy compliments with his Sovereign. He then requested the King to excuse his attendance at that time, as the duties of his office called him away for a few hours.

“I shall even extend the time,” said the King, “Be an exile from this studio until tomorrow.”

So saying, and with a gentle familiarity which could not have offended even an equal, Philip pushed Velasquez out of the room, and

took up the palette and the pencil which the painter had laid down.

The Mestizo, meanwhile, had been pursuing his usual employment—the grinding colours for his master. Besides the preparation of the palette and other materials of Art, this faithful servitor was entrusted with the arrangement of draperies, the care of pictures, the custody of books and manuscripts. Except when thus employed, Velasquez seldom required his services. Much leisure, therefore, the Mestizo had enjoyed, and well had he availed himself of the boon. He had learned to read and write, and was familiar with the contents of every volume in his master's possession. During thirty years in which he had seen that master's almost daily practice in the Art, the poor Mestizo—unregarded, despised as he was—had keenly and emulatively observed him. Perhaps, too, he sometimes even had the presumption to think that what he had seen he could do.

The King, like all the members of the Austrian dynasty who had preceded him on



the Spanish throne, was himself an excellent judge of Art, and, for nearly the fourth of a century, had enjoyed constant and close converse with Velasquez. He now placed himself opposite the painting on the easel, and rapidly put in with his own hand the distinguishing chain, badge, and cross of the Order of Santiago. He did not lack the requisite skill to execute this with tolerable ability, and concluded his self-imposed task with a complacent glance at the effect given to the portrait of Velasquez by this addition.

The King had nothing else to do. Half-an-hour yet remained before supper, which at that time was usually served ere the sun had set, and, as frequently was his custom when he wanted to kill time, he ordered that the pictures which stood on the floor with their faces to the wall, should be turned, that he might see them.

Picture after picture was thus rapidly exhibited. His Majesty yawned,—he had seen them all before. At last the Mestizo ventured to show a portrait of the King, which, although

it evidently resembled the colouring and style of Velasquez, as evidently was not from that master's pencil. Philip was startled. "Know you," said he, "who painted this? Assuredly I never sate for this portrait; yet it displays much merit, and, if I may judge of my own features, it is an excellent likeness." His eye fell upon the Mestizo, maintaining the enquiry which his lips thus made.

The Mestizo threw himself at the King's feet, and faltered out his confession, that the portrait had been stealthily painted by himself—that with much labour and difficulty, he had learned to imitate Velasquez—and that, fearing punishment for his presumption, yet anxious to propitiate the King in his favour, he had ventured on this expedient, in his master's absence, of showing what he had done.

At that time, in any part of Christendom, the idea of a Slave attempting to become a Painter, would have been received with incredulity and indignation: but especially in Spain, where the distinctions of society were zealously

maintained, and where Art, justly considered as a liberal pursuit, was often followed by persons of ancient blood, and often brought high rewards and honour.

But Philip, whatever his defects as a monarch, had a just appreciation of merit ; and having ascertained that it existed in Juan de Pareja, the Mestizo, determined that the lowliness of its station should not present obstacles to its recognition and reward. He condescended to examine other paintings which the Mestizo had privily executed, praised what he had done, and promised to use his best endeavours to obtain from Velasquez permission for him henceforth openly to pursue that art in which, untaught except by Genius and Industry—those wonder-workers who, combined, can do any and every thing—he had already accomplished so much.

The morrow came. By special invitation from the King, the studio of Velasquez was crowded with nobles of the highest rank. Presently came the Monarch, leaning on the Painter's shoulder—a familiarity which he loved

to exhibit. There was a pause, after Philip had taken his seat, and then he said—

“ Three-and-twenty years ago I first sate for my portrait to Velasquez. It was in the house of my minister, the Count-Duke d’Olivarez, not, until then, had Painter traced to my satisfaction, these features and this form. I think, my Velasquez, I am right as to the time ?”

“ The portrait,” responded the Painter, “ bears on it the date of August 30, 1623, for I was proud to record upon it, visible to all men, the very day on which I completed a work which had the good fortune to please my sovereign.”

“ I intimated to Velasquez, then,” continued the King, (who, it may be observed, followed the custom of his country in not speaking of himself in the first person plural, like other potentates,) “ that from that day, none other but himself should be employed to paint my portrait. He can answer that I have kept my promise indifferently well. He has since worthily laboured for us, through a long series of

years, not only to enrich my palaces with his works, but to elevate the Spanish name, by the execution of what may challenge competition with the best Italian and Flemish painters. He has devoted himself, at my request, to long and laborious journeyings to foreign countries, to procure for me works of art worthy of embellishing my capital and my palaces, while they afford examples to the native talent of this my Spain. A few appointments about my person have gratified myself more than Velasquez, for they gave me, to share my secret hours of retirement, one who is qualified by education, intellect, and thought, to be the companion of Princes. Yesterday I received from Velasquez a painting, into which, by my desire, he introduced a portrait of himself. To-day, I exhibit it here, with additions, which my own unskilled hand has ventured to make."

At a signal from the King, the curtain which concealed the picture was here withdrawn, and when Velasquez saw what the King had painted in, he bent his knee to earth,

and gratefully kissed the hand which had thus executed a compliment, as graceful as Royalty ever honoured itself by bestowing on Genius.

“No thanks!” exclaimed the King. “You will please to observe,” he added, addressing the Marquis da Tabara, President of the Order, “that Don Diego Rodriguez da Silva y Velasquez has already been invested, on this canvas, with the red Cross of Santiago. No need to report on his qualifications. For them, and for his noble blood, and nobler worth, the King himself will vouch. Let his installation take place, in the Church of the Carbonera, on the feast of San Prospero, the birth-day of my son, the Prince of Asturias. Let the Marquis de Malpica, as Comendador of the Order, officiate as sponsor; Don Gaspar Perez de Guzman, and my cousin, the Duque de Medina Sidonia, will place the insignia upon the new Knight.”

Once more the King and the Painter were alone—save the humble presence of Juan, the Mestizo.

“And you think, my Velasquez,” said the King, “that the portrait is not damaged by



the addition made? The chain which I have there placed round your neck is not precisely of the pattern usually worn by the Knights of Santiago. But I remembered that when Duke Frances of Modena visited our Madrid, in 1638, you painted his portrait, and he rewarded you with a gold chain, which I have seen you wear on gala days, until some ten years later, when it was laid aside for that chain, with a medal of himself, which Pope Innocent the Tenth gave you, at Rome, for having made a better likeness of him than any Italian painter had been able to produce. To record that you had been so rewarded, I even asked your Mestizo here to bring me the Pope's chain, and, as you see, have introduced it into your portrait."

"Never was Painter so exalted," said Velasquez, "as I am by these honours conferred upon me by your Majesty."

"I well believe," said the King, "that never before has the accolade of knighthood been conferred by a few touches of the pencil instead of a blow of the sword. But you err

if you think that never before, in this country, has genius been duly honoured. The Emperor Charles, who regarded the acquisition of a picture by Titian with as much satisfaction as the conquest of a province, crested him a Count Palatine of the Empire—my grandfather, Philip the Second, raised Tibaldi, the painter, to the rank of Marquis in the Milanese States, by the title of Valdelsa, the village in which his father had laboured as a mason—and to Calderon, the dramatist, and Francesco de Roxas, the poet, have I already given the Cross of Santiago. In such cases, the honour is to him who bestows, not on him who receives. I should think ill of myself if, loving Art as I do, I did not reward its followers. Know you not that from the good Dominican, Juan Bautista Mayno—who introduced your friend, Alonso Cano, to my notice,—I received that practical knowledge of painting, which enabled me, ere the cares of Royalty fell upon my brow, to exercise the pencil in a manner which, I have been told, might have made me eminent as an artist, if

the sceptre had not descended to me. But I have surprised you once to day, perhaps I can do so a second time. You doubt?—Let your slave turn the picture opposite.”

It was done. Velasquez examined the painting carefully, and then remarked, “If it were the work of any rival artist, methinks, I should have cause to dread the rivalry. Not because your Majesty has painted this, but because of its intrinsic worth, do I give this painting the fullest approval.”

“No matter who the artist? Suppose it had been painted by one of my servitors?”

“Your Majesty compels me to speak the truth. I must not wrong my judgment. Whoever did this portrait, were he lowest servitor in the meanest ville in Spain, is worthy to stand before princes. If my own Mestizo there, who mixes my colours, had done this, I would say the same.”

“Then,” said the King, “learn that your Mestizo is the Painter. See, he kneels at your feet. Velasquez, you must pardon, for the success, the presumption which has tempted

him into the path you have so worthily pursued. You see that a Painter like this ought not to remain a Slave."

Velasquez readily assented. Juan de Pareja, kissing the King's hand, arose a freed man. He had knelt, a slave: he now stood erect in the dignity of freedom. Without any loss of time, Velasquez executed a formal deed of manumission, and told him he was now at liberty to pursue his own course. But his services did not then terminate. He solicited, as a boon, the privilege of continuing his voluntary services to Velasquez, and (lightly tasked, however,) did so continue them for four years longer, until the death of his master, in 1660. Nor did his connexion with the family of his benefactor cease even then, for he continued in the service of his daughter, married to Mazo Martinez, who succeeded Velasquez as painter in ordinary to the King.

In the history of Spanish Art, the name of Juan de Pareja, the Mestizo, is honourably recorded. The pencil of Velasquez has preserved his features. His own pencil, and the

romantic circumstances of his story have caused him to be remembered. His works, whether in portraiture or composition, are now very few, and as might be expected, exhibit a close and successful resemblance, in colouring and handling, to those of his great master. Some of his later portraits, are spoken of as possessing greater freedom than he at first displayed—the public exercise of his pencil probably gave him confidence in his own powers—and have been sometimes taken, from their force and boldness of touch, for the works of Velasquez. He died in 1670, fourteen years after his manumission.

Memorable in the annals of Art was the day of the double adventure, which tradition has preserved, undoubted in its incidents, to these later and less romantic times. On that day the Spanish King made Velasquez, a Knight of Santiago, and Juan de Pareja, the Mestizo, obtained his freedom, by means of his ability as a Painter.

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"Thanks," said Tressilian, "for a true story, from the history of Art in Spain."

"Do you not recollect," said Lady Tressilian, "that when we were at Seville, we were shewn pictures executed by a Mulatto, but I think they told us that he had been in the service of Murillo?"

"You are quite correct in your recollection, my dear," answered Sir Julian. "At Madrid we saw the calling of St. Matthew, by Pareja, the emancipated Mestizo of the great Velasquez. In Seville, we saw some of the works and heard the story of Sebastian Gomez, the Mulatto, slave of Murillo. He slept in his master's *studio*, and having taught himself how to paint, used to practice secretly at night. Once, having taken up the pencil to touch a picture of the Virgin which his master had sketched and left upon the easel, he was led to forget that it was the design of another, and continued to paint, heedless of the daylight having dispersed the shades of night, and equally unconscious that Murillo had entered the studio, with some of his pupils. Murillo



motioned them into silence, and remained for some time, a spectator of the Mulatto's labours. At length, he broke silence, to the dismay of the Mulatto, who trembled for the consequences of his temerity. Murillo took him by the hand, and said, "He who can so use my colours must no longer continue to grind them. Be a freed man from this hour. Continue with me—but as a pupil. I am, indeed, fortunate, for I have made not only pictures, but a Painter." Henceforth, Gomez pursued the practice of the Art, and with such success, that he has left a name as one of the great Painters of Spain. At Seville, several of his works are shown,—they have much of the rich harmony of colouring which distinguish those of Murillo.

"It is singular," said Crayon, "that Velasquez and Murillo, flourishing at the same time, should each have had a mulatto with sufficient genius to advance into the rank of Painters. But there are many curious coincidences in Art. The well-known anecdote of Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, who, for love of an artist's daughter, himself became a

painter, was anticipated, by more than a century, by the romantic story of Antonio Solario, (commonly called Lo Zingaro, or the Tinman of Naples,) who after ten years' probation, achieved so much success as to obtain the hand of Claudia, daughter of Colantonio del Fiore, a noble, who was himself an artist, and had vowed that she should wed none but a Painter equal to himself. And so in Spain, Francisco de Ribalta, born twenty years after Quintin Matsys had died, became enamoured of the daughter of a Painter at Valencia. The father positively refused to accept as a son-in-law, one so young and inexperienced. The maiden decided to wait. Ribalta went to Italy for four years, and during that time, carefully formed his style on that of Raphael and the Carracci. On his return he found the lady as faithful as he had hoped. On the easel, at her father's, was an unfinished picture—Ribalta took up the pencil and rapidly finished it. The father, returning, was so delighted with the painting, that he declared the artist, whoever he might be, should wed

his daughter, and not that mindless Ribalta. Then came the discovery, followed by the nuptials, and to this hour, Ribalta continues among the foremost of the Painters of Valencia, and memorable also, as the instructor of the famous Spagnoletto. Thus, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, have each an authentic anecdote of a Painter made great under the impulse of Love! It seems that Art, like Life, has strange coincidences."

"Like effects springing from like causes," said Tressilian. "It is a remarkable thing, and what cannot be said of some countries which boast themselves as much more civilized, that in Spain, under five successive monarchs, during a period of nearly two centuries, the fine Arts should have been constantly and munificently cared for. There was the Emperor Charles the Fifth, (so familiar to us through his brilliant historian, Robertson,) encouraging the painters, sculptors, and architects of Spain,—boasting of the friendship of the great Titian,—honouring him with titles of nobility,—enriching him with liberal gifts

and pensions,—picking up his pencil, with the graceful compliment that Titian was worthy to be served by Cæsar,—rebuking his courtiers, who thought he was too familiar with the painter, by saying there were many princes and only one Titian,—and declaring that no other hand should draw his portrait since he had thrice received immortality from the pencil of that artist. There was his son and successor, Philip the Second, so well remembered in England as the husband of Mary Tudor, and the sender forth of that Armada which, with vain anticipation, he had called “The Invincible.” Morose and gloomy as a monarch and a man, he delighted to manifest kindly feelings towards his artists; he also was the friend of Titian,—was an intimate acquaintance with Antonio More,—lavished regard and wealth upon Herrera, the builder of his palace of the Escorial, and encouraged and rewarded the genius of Morales, Sanchez Coello, El Mudo, (who has been called the Spanish Titian,) and El Greco, who, as painter, sculptor, and architect, has a reputation which will not

perish. So, also, though with meaner capacity, did the Third Philip encourage art and its professors. He appreciated Don Quixote, though he did not think of inquiring whether Cervantes was not in poverty; when a fine gallery of paintings, at the palace of the Prado, in Madrid, was destroyed by fire, he eagerly exclaimed, 'Have they saved the Antiope of Titian? we may replace other pictures, but the loss of a Titian cannot be repaired.' Then came the golden age of Art in Spain, under Philip IV.; his affectionate regard for Velasquez commenced when the monarch was only eighteen and the painter four-and-twenty; his munificent expenditure in the importation of works of Art from Italy and Flanders,—his kindness to Rubens,—his liberality to De Zurbaran, Alfonso Cano, Murillo, and the younger Herrera, with a continued and liberal encouragement of art during a reign of nearly forty-five years. And Charles II., the last of the Spanish kings of the Austrian line, could delight in his pictures when nothing else could give pleasure to his

limited capacity. In his reign, though art had declined, it still could show some noble followers, and the works of Carreño, Palomino, and Alfaro, yet challenge admiration in the galleries of Spain."

"What is called 'a clear stage and no favour,' appears to me," said Butler, "to be the best mode of giving encouragement to Art. Any attempt to patronize it is certain to lower it."

"That," said Crayon, "depends on what we may term patronage. For my own part, as an artist, I am not ambitious, as some men are, to measure my merit by the number and quality of the visitors to my studio, nor yet by the quantity of pictures I may sell in the year, nor the gross amount I may receive for them. To have a work of mine in the collection of a man of recognized knowledge of Art, and feeling for its beauties and difficulties, such as Lord Farnborough, Lord de Tabley, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Egremont, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Francis Egerton, Mr. Wells, or Lord Lansdowne,—would of itself be



a diploma of merit, of more value than if I had received a large sum for it from some one who could not decide for himself if it were good or bad, and had merely bought it because the painter happened to have a name. The Nation and the Sovereign should thus become the patrons of Art, by becoming possessed of the best works of its painters and sculptors."

"Agreed," replied Butler, "all other patronage is worse than useless, for it does not elevate the artist. So, too, with literature; it is not the mere fact of a man's work selling largely, to his great gain, that assures him of the success he covets, but the knowledge that minds well calculated to be critical, acknowledge that he has done well. Will you allow me to end this disquisition, which has become too particular, by relating an incident in which, though slightly, the shepherd-poet of Scotland, bore some little part?"

Then were related to us the marvellous adventures of Andrew Horner.

## VI.

A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

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IT is recorded that when Sir Walter Scott was a lad of fifteen, he saw Burns. "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*," are his own words. Much more fortunate was Andrew Horner, who spent an evening in the poet's company, and—must I tell it?—there and then imbibed so much liquid, rather stronger than spring-water, that his head ached sorely the next morning.

About fifty years ago, there flourished a worthy, in the city of Carlisle, who—bless the mark!—was smitten with the desire of fame; and, not content with the dim and distant

prospect of obtaining it by his humble occupation as a vendor of linen, adventurously fixed his glance upon no less a mark than that pedestal whereon, "with a pencil of light," Renown has inscribed the names of the illustrious who have elevated themselves into earthly immortality.

Andrew Horner was the name of the wight who (in his own estimation) was worthy to break a lance with those proud heirs of fame who have gained the world's admiration. He had reached the sage age of half a century, ere he had fully made up his mind in what manner he should astonish the public. He determined, finally, to "witch the world with noble"—*not* horsemanship, but rhymes. Like many men before, in, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the wish for the power to write. Thus do we constantly see practical illustrations of the frog trying to swell to the expansive size of the lordly bison, and thus have we been afflicted with manifold imitations of the better brethren of the quill, in which, like Chinese

artists, the copyists give every defect with remarkable fidelity, but invariably contrive *not* to give the grace, the expression, and the freshness which breathe life and beauty into the originals.

Sundry quires of what he courteously and complacently called poetry, were written by Mr. Horner. These he would read to such of his customers as he could prevail upon to listen. When he lacked this "audience fit though few," he was wont to read his effusions aloud, *ore rotundo*, for his own edification; and, if he was in a particularly placid and pleasant vein, he would send for a neighbour, who had brightened his intellect by making the theatrical tour of England (as candle-snuffer and bill-sticker for sundry erratic theatrical companies) and bribe him, with a noggin of whiskey, or a gill of ale, to listen to the mellifluous lines which their author monotonously poured out—like a child pouring a thin stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel. Andrew Horner's *amour propre* would be gratified, ever and anon (between gulps), with

such interjectional remarks, as “Gude—vera gude!” “Real fine rhymes!” “Excellent! ma faith, Shakspeare ne’er wrote sic po’try as that!” But by the time the fluids were disposed of, the listener usually was in a calm sleep. Whatever other merits they possessed, it was pretty obvious that Mr. Andrew Horner’s rhymes were of a composing nature:—the art of writing such has not died with him.

The proverb which tells us that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is equally true when applied to poets. The good<sup>d</sup> people of Carlisle have never been *too* discerning, and, indeed, it is rather a recommendation than otherwise for a man, amongst them, to be somewhat of a dullard—if he happily be a bigamist also, he has a great chance of success! They were as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are now, or as they have been in any year of grace since Paley cast too much light upon their mental obscurity. Is it wonderful, then, that Horner shared the common doom? that he gained, at best, the dubious distinction of being sneered at as a half-witted rhymester,

or positively condemned for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses ?

How could a soul like his be “cabined, cribbed, confined,” in the dull and dirty city of Carlisle ? What more natural than that

“Aspiring upwards—like a star,”

it should seek a more extended range, a wider sphere of action ? What more obvious than this should be gained by the then important, but now common step—publication ?

Andrew Horner read his own poems for the thousandth time,—worked himself, once more, and for ever, *out* of his lingering doubts, and *into* the heart of his old conviction (that they were truly exquisite), and then magnanimously resolved to—print them !

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of the time, that Henry the Fourth of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the Mayor and Corporation, with a right loyal address—that is, an address in which the reigning monarch is told, even as his predecessors were told, in



terms of adulation, that he is all but a God upon earth. "May it please your most august and sacred Majesty," added the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we should have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons; the first is, your Majesty, we have not got any cannon ——." "That will do," hastily interrupted the impatient King, as he gave spur and rein to his charger, "I excuse the remaining sixteen reasons." In like manner could be enumerated a great variety of circumstances which unfortunately prevented Andrew Horner having his book printed at Carlisle. The first was, that in the year 1785, there actually was not a printing office in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will "excuse the other sixteen reasons."

The nearest place, at that time, where he could have his book creditably brought out, was the good city of Glasgow—then, as now, famous for the punch-making and punch-bibbing powers of its worthy inhabitants.

To Glasgow, therefore, Andrew went. There

he speedily learned that the expense of printing and publishing was no trifle ; but then, what was a little money, nay, what was a great deal of it, in the balance against his immortal fame ! Although not actually a Scot by birth, our friend was “ too far north ” to close any bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or, as he would have said, “ hanging betwixt and between.” His mind was too enlarged to be made up at a moment’s notice, like a travelling bag or a prescription. He had to consider, on his way back to Carlisle, what number of copies it would be proper to print. On the moderate calculation that there certainly must be at least *one* lover of poetry in every parish in England and Scotland, (to say nothing of the Kingdom of Ireland and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed) his original idea was for a small impression of—ten thousand copies. The more prudent bookseller recommended the *maximum* to be a paltry five hundred ; and, when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well, perhaps, not

to venture upon thousands until the sale of hundreds had furnished the means of paying expenses.

Andrew Horner, like an Indiaman from Calcutta, or Barney Riordan, the Navigator, when he met the American liner far out at sea, —was “homeward bound” when he came to the principal hostelry in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Mossiel, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this anecdote, and where, if *he* lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, yet flashing stream—flowed to his pen, from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a detour to the west as Ayr, some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that Oddity (coppergilt) may be mistaken for the sterling metal of Originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785,

when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room of the Inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass and joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, “exactly in the nick of time.” Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to the Inn usage, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and, by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made Vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

It may be taken for granted, that what Mr. Carlyle would call “the remarkablest” justice was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the Chairman gave “the King.” It was Andrew’s turn next; and in the customary routine, he should have given “the Queen and Royal Family;” but, much to the surprise and amazement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech, “*de omnibus rebus*,” (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean *a rebus in an omnibus*, as a blue-stocking once translated it,)—branching

off to London politics and Cumberland potatoes—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-Minister of that day, and Lord Thurlow's *gracious* manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing, and Irish-linen ; and, by a nice gradation, introducing a lengthy eulogy of the British Poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.

The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant *penchant* for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than, with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but the self-satisfied and unconscious butt, he intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character, whose society they were then, fortunately, enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed “the Poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative.”

Such a toast could only be drank “with all the honors,”—an infliction which invariably makes me envy a deaf man. Horner, of course, responded, as best he could. His speech would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, but that the orator had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks—the unusual excitement having much augmented his natural infirmity—and, though he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like a traveller to far climes—*it went a great way*.

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch, that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted, Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire,) and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts, from what he loved to call his “poetic poems.” So much mock applause followed this exhibition, that, more than ever did he believe that *he* was predestined to revive fine poetry in the land.

To carry on the joke yet further, and “fool him to the top of his bent,” a critical dispute was commenced, as to the relative merits of



each poem, which the company had heard. At last, one of the gentlemen ventured to hint, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a *very* mighty bard as they imagined. Horner's mettle was up immediately, and he defended himself, with rather more warmth than modesty. His opponent then affected to be yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew's indignation by exclaiming, "tut, mon! there's a lad near by wha wud mak mair pomes in ae day than yoursel' cud compose, as ye ca' it, in a month o' Sundays!"

Extremely indignant at this imputation on his bardship, Andrew Horner rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic skill between Andrew Horner and the "lad near by," who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It may be confessed,—but this, of course, is merely hinted in most "private and confidential" manner imaginable—that as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as

speedily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that evening, as it was now waking late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at dawn of day, and thus, literally gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

His companions knew—what, alas! he did not—that the Ayr Freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought, was then actually in the house “in lodge,” with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the “brethren of the mystic tie.” He was called out, briefly informed of the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and readily persuaded to enter the lists against the Carlisle bardling.

The stranger-poet entered the room, and even Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man. At that time, his age was about some six and twenty years. His form was vigorous, rather than robust. He was well-made, and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size;

but a slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. But his face was any thing but common; in repose, it had the contemplative, melancholy look, which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke (sometimes with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark,) there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius, in his aspect, and its expression such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad, pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was particularly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke, with feeling and interest. When conversation excited him,

as it usually did, they kindled up until they all but lightened.

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of his Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time, indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. In a short time after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced—how did that country reward his genius?

He readily joined in the conversation, and by no means allowed the cup to pace the table, “like a cripple,” to borrow a phrase from Christopher North’s memorable motto to the *Noctes*. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who “achieve greatness” without the dust of the schools having made cob-

webs in their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have had to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed the Ayrshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition ; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive that, either for stinging satire, or touching pathos, or passionate tenderness, these lyrics were inimitable.

Having sat with them for some time, he made a show of retiring, when the party insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided, by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called " the certainty of defeat ;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied he was actually afraid to enter into the competition : so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger, in the

exulting tone and manner of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honour, be declined ; and, with apparent, and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, " it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

" In seventeen-hunder' thretty-nine——"

and he paused. He then said, " Ye see I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier] so I mak' that the commencemen."

He again took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship—squared himself at the table, like one who considered it no trifle to write even a letter, and slowly put down, in good round-hand, as if he had to make out a bill of parcels, the line—

" In seventeen-hunder' thretty-nine,"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he



was unable to advance. That line was the Rubicon his muse could not pass.

At last, (when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein,) pen, ink, and paper were handed to his antagonist, who rejected them, and instantly said—

“ In seventeen-hunder’ thretty-nine,  
The deil gat stuff to mak’ a swine,  
And pit it in a corner;  
But, shortly after, changed his plan,  
Made it to something like a man,  
And called it—Andrew Horner!”

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to appear offended at its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set to for “making a night of it” with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when “the sma’ hours” came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth rug, into a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymster—then, literally a *carpet knight*—the old man, better prophet than minstrel, exclaimed, “Hoot, mon, but ye’ll be a gran’ poet yet!”

How truly was the prediction fulfilled!—A few months after, a volume of poems was printed from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock. The author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type: but the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. Pilgrims have come from distant countries to visit the cottage in which he was born, the scenes in which he lived, the “banks and braes” of which he sang, the house in which he died, the churchyard in which he was buried. His genius and his fate have become “at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland.” That author, now with world-wide glory, was the same who, in sportive mood, has given memory of Andrew Horner through the “amber chrysalization” of an epigram. His own name was —ROBERT BURNS.

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“My father,” continued Butler, “was one of the company, before whom this Andrew Horner entered into competition with Robert Burns, and has often repeated to me the epigram in which, by the ‘amber chrystalization,’ the poet has preserved the name of the poetaster.”

“Horner,” observed Tressilian, “appears to have belonged to that class of men who complacently think their own brief taper better and brighter than the meridian blaze which gathers around true merit. Living in a contracted circle, they find no superior within its narrow bound. The vainest man of letters I ever encountered was a young person who *did* the criticism in a very obscure provincial newspaper. On the contrary, when in Company with ‘the better brethren’ of the pen, the most striking matter has been the absence of pretence. Scott, Southey, and Lingard, particularly attracted me by the simplicity of their unaffected manners.”

“Though it makes rather against my own order,” said Crayon, “I incline to the belief

that artists are more vain and egotistical than men of letters. Actors, again, are endowed with self-esteem in a yet more abundant manner. Take the author of a clever and popular book, for example, and throw him into society ; —you will rarely find him anxious to originate, or enter into conversation upon what he has written, — certainly more desirous of getting out of the way of praise, and of sinking the author, if he can. But Painters, and Sculptors, will talk fluently and boldly on what they have done,—drawing your attention to the manner in which such and such difficulties have been met and conquered,—pointing out the beauty of this composition, the harmony of that colouring, the effect of the gleam of light here, and the depth of shadow there,—not hesitating to assert, of their own works, that the painting has all the beauty of the Italian, Spanish, or Flemish schools, and that the sculpture throws every *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity into the back ground. If an author ventured to hint a hundredth part of such praise for anything he had done, he would be

voted an intolerable piece of vanity. But artists do it, and are not minded. As for actors—the man, woman, or child, who “goes on” for the smallest part, in the smallest piece, on the humblest boards, thinks himself, or herself capable, with due encouragement and opportunity, of surpassing every one who ever wore the sock or buskin. Nothing, I am sure, *can* exceed the self-complacency of actors, “the fettered lions” of the green-room, who, one and all, perpetually think that the whole world of managers, audience, play-wrights, and critics, are in a conspiracy to keep them down. I have not observed that musicians and vocalists have this offensive self-esteem—one good thing is, they have more emulation than envy, and do not hesitate to praise, as it merits, the singing, the music, or the instrumentation which their ear and taste tells them is of good quality. Returning, however, to the literary character, will you allow me to read a sketch which I wrote, some time ago, to illustrate a little fancy-piece which I had

executed for an Annual. I have the engraving with me."

The engraving, which was but a first etching, was looked for, found, handed about, admired, and then came—the Artist's Story.



## VII.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

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RABELAIS, the wittiest, if not the truest of all historians, relates that Gargantua, when a youth, found employment in setting cows to catch hares, in carrying water in sieves, in fishing for whales in tea-cups, in shoeing goslings, in hunting for needles in haystacks, and such profitable and pleasant occupations. What Gargantua did, in youth, Professor Richter, of the University of Heidelberg, pursued in age, that is, his pursuits, if not exactly the same, were equally practical and philosophical. A great man was the Professor.

How he had become Professor, no one

knew—how he contrived to continue in that capacity, every one wondered. His duties principally consisted in the receipt of a handsome income, paid quarterly. It was necessary, in the year 1817, that the students should have certificates of attendance on his Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, as part of their *curriculum*. The custom was to pay the fees, to receive the certificates, and not to hear the lectures. Thus the Professor had a sinecure, which has been described as “nothing to do, and well-paid for doing it.”

A venerable youth was he—on the shady side of sixty. He knew no language but his own, and that not very well ; but his essays in the *Heidelberg Mercury*, were well sprinkled with Greek and Latin sentences, seldom applicable to the subject, and industriously *conveyed* from a huge “Dictionary of Quotations.” He had commenced life as a spectacle-maker, but had no skill in that calling, so he turned Professor. He ever was mounted on some hobby : now, he would give a lecture on Swimming, to

the effect that little boys should practice on dry land, never venturing into the water, until they had thus acquired adequate skill, nor even then without cork-jackets of his own invention ; anon, he would wax garrulous, if not eloquent, upon the philosophic mystery of making a spinning-top perform its gyrations on a clean plate for half-an-hour at a time, for, having heard that Franklin had made *his* electrical experiments and discoveries by means of a paper-kite, this Heidelberg man of science thus resorted to spinning-tops, in the hope of discovering the Perpetual Motion ! Thus eminently practical and deeply scientific were all his experiments.

Latterly, the Professor, caught by its novelty, had been seized with a *penchant* for phrenology, which, at the time he flourished, was becoming popular in Germany. After some twelve months' musing and muddling (for he had always been rather a damp soul), he conceived the wonderful idea that, as the character and conduct of human beings depends upon the size and shape of their respective

and respected skulls, the character could be fixed, and the conduct mainly guided, by elevating or depressing, bringing forward or reducing the different "organs." His idea was, that they might be reduced by means of compression, and developed by such a simple method as the creation of a *vacuum* by an air-pump. Accordingly, he had a compass made of gold, which, when he could get a suitable subject, he resolved to fix on the head by a strong band, secured by a *tourniquet*. This apparatus was to remain on the head day and night; and, by giving the tourniquet a slight turn each morning, when the *cranium* is said to be most compliant, he trusted that, in a short time, he should be able to compress any organ to its desiderated moral size. On the other hand, the use of a portable air-pump would create a *vacuum* in a vessel of strong flint-glass, which, if placed over any bump not adequately developed, would, he calculated, cause its gradual elevation on the skull. The person operated upon, would have to wear the compass and *tourniquet* day and night for

the short space of twelve months, and remain for the same period under the air-pump, to effect all that the Professor's mighty wisdom had anticipated. As yet, unfortunately, he had not met with any one willing to make the experiment, personally, for the promotion of science.

I should like to make a sketch of *Caroline von Pichler*, as pretty a German maiden as ever, when a lover spoke particularly, blushed the "Yes" which her lips would not utter at once. When I mention German beauty, you do not think, I hope, of the importations which annoy our eyes with bronzed faces, mob caps, clay-coloured hair, thick legs, short petticoats, dumpy hands, and churn-waists, and who make music for our ears with detestable "Buy-a-broom" discords. No; such is *not* German beauty. Walk down the Kohlmarkt (the Regent-Street of Vienna), and you will see a hundred brilliancies and varieties of female beauty. Now you are jostled in that thronged thoroughfare, and the finest form in the world flits by you, and the most speaking

eyes vividly flash their bright apologies for the accident. A moment,—ere you have time to regret that sweet vision,

“ One of those forms which flit by us, when we  
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face,”

you meet another, and another, and another. There they are frequent as the sweet flowers in May, or the bright stars at midnight.

“ And oh! the loveliness at times we see  
In momentary gliding; the soft grace,  
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree  
In many a nameless being we retrace,  
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall  
know.”

They are varied, too, in their brightness and their clime. The radiant freshness of the English complexion; the violet eyes and dark hair of the Irish beauties; the beaming intellect of those thoughtful Italian faces; the sweet pathos which throws a shade of sadness over Polish loveliness; the Asiatic cast of the Hungarian aspect; the undescribable grace which elevates the Parisian lack of what we call beauty; the classic contour of the Grecian



outline; the mingled fire and dignity of those large Spanish eyes, which seem to look into you and through you; all may there be seen and admired, as they flit and flash by you,—and among them all, none is fairer than the earnest and simple expression of the German maiden, just as she has begun to feel that she has a heart, and that there is such a thing as love to make it swell with a tumult of passionate thought.

After such a preface, which may lead you to expect something very surpassing, how can I venture to describe Caroline von Pichler?

Fancy a lovely, loving, and loveable girl, of bright nineteen, and you may have a thought of Caroline. Then, like Cordelia's,

“ Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.”

Her eyes were of the most charming gray,—such orbs, in the lovely face of Mary of Scotland, won many a heart. Her figure was slight, without being fragile. Her hair was light, and in beautiful abundance. Her com-

plexion, "carnationed like an infant," was not *too* fresh. I need not catalogue all her charms, but let me add that she had what Byron calls "thorough-bred feet and fingers." In a word, both in person and mind, she was a delightful specimen of womanhood in its earliest prime; well educated, too, though she made no display of her attainments; fond of music, and even suspected of having composed some of the airs which she sweetly warbled; and gloriously good-tempered, in spite of sundry and frequent trials from the vinegar disposition of Madame Annette von Pichler, a cross-grained old maid, her aunt and guardian. When Madame scolded, (which, to do her justice, was only five minutes out of every fifteen,) Caroline resorted to painting or the piano. If these did not please her, she retired to her own apartment to prepare her lessons for her private tutor, Ernst Manheim.

Ernst was young—not yet five-and-twenty. He was handsome. Caroline, somehow or other, always identified him, in her thoughts, with the Apollo Belvidere. Poor girl! She

was not the first, by thousands, who had raised a mortal into an idol, making her own heart the shrine.

For twelve months, Ernst Manheim had been visiting tutor to Caroline von Pichler. Much did he teach her in languages and sciences ; but he also taught her Love, which is the life of Life.

A great crime !—Ernst had been absent six entire days, and had only sent a formal apology to Madame, that he was compelled by business to quit Vienna for a week. Carone, albeit taught, from childhood, to avoid even the remotest breach of the Eighth Commandment, “appropriated” Ernst’s note from her aunt’s work-box, and carried it next her heart. What odd fancies little Cupid leads people into !

She reclines upon the sofa in the Library—dull, *distracte*, and languid. Ha ! whose step is that ? It is outside—in the street—and yet she can distinguish it among every foot-fall in Vienna. As Scott says,

“ Oh, lovers’ eyes are quick to see,  
And lovers’ ears are quick in hearing ! ”

Caroline had intended something like reproach—an extraordinary condition of society, when the scholar could even harbour the idea of scolding the master!—but, when Ernst entered, the intention evaporated. So they sat down to read; but Ernst was almost silent, and the expression of his countenance was very grave.

“You are dull to-day, Ernst,” said Caroline, in the sweetest voice, and with the brightest smile in the world. “What has annoyed you? Why are you sad and vexed?”

“For you, Caroline,” said he, taking the small white hand from the book on which it rested. She blushed, but did not withdraw that little hand.

“I have discovered,” continued Ernst—“*how*, it does not matter—that your excellent aunt has bargained to marry you to Professor Richter. Your fortune, as she knows, is a thing of doubt; for there *is* a male heir somewhere, and if he claim it you are penniless. Therefore, as she has lately received notice that this long missing heir is alive and at

hand, she would secure you against poverty, by marrying you to the Professor."

"All this is quite new to me," said Caroline, in a trembling tone.

"I do not wonder that it is," answered Ernst. "Your grandfather, the Count von Fugger, of Augsburg, bequeathed his large estates to you, if your cousin, then in the Bavarian army, and supposed to have been slain in the battle of Leipsig, did not appear to claim them within five years. The time has nearly elapsed, but your cousin has made his claim, with the fullest proof of his identity. Our good Emperor Francis could scarcely refuse him speedy justice, for your family have an hereditary right to obtain not only justice but favour from the Imperial ruler of Germany. The Emperor Charles the Fifth borrowed a million florins from a merchant, one of your ancestors. The money was to enable him to support the war against the majority of the Princes of Germany. He returned through Augsburg, a conqueror; and his creditor not only entertained him and his retinue for two days, in

the most sumptuous manner, but, before the Emperor departed, put his bond into a fire of cinnamon bark, made for the purpose, and burned it before his eyes. In acknowledgment of this generosity, he was made a Count of the Empire, receiving lands and fiefs in perpetuity for himself and his descendants. Your cousin's claim has been made, has been admitted by the Imperial Chancery, has been confirmed by the Emperor; and, this very day, if he will, he may take possession of your lands, your wealth. But enough of this. Are you inclined to marry, and to marry the Professor?"

There fell no accent of reply from the ripe lips of Caroline; but Ernst saw her cheek flush and then become pale, while he felt her hand tremble within his.

"Your intended will be here to-day," added he, "and you are to marry him to-morrow."

Caroline raised her eyes and looked earnestly into his, but still she spoke no word. There was such a silence for about a minute that he could have counted her heart-beats.



Then he gently pressed her hand : she blushed again, but her eyes did not seek his.

Ernst whispered, "You would avoid this marriage ? Perhaps your affections are already engaged ?"

Even yet the young lady continued mute, and her eyes sought the ground.

"Perhaps you love another?—love him deeply, have loved him long ?"

"Alas, yes!" she cried, "too deeply, but knew it not until now."

"Dearest Caroline !" And here, as if by magnetic attraction, their lips imperceptibly came close—closer—and met in the first, fond kiss of youthful love. The prudish may blame them, if they please—but we know the fable of "sour grapes"—and, for my own part, so far from blaming one or both, I cannot refrain from the natural and involuntary wish that it had been my own good fortune to have been in Ernst's place at that enviable moment !

The soft talk which followed cannot be repeated in detail. There were gentle confessions, tender words, honied phrases, soft

promises, earnest pleadings, hearted smiles, and joyful tears. They had a great deal to say, and they said it. They were not overcome with their sensations—for the threatened marriage dimly loomed in the distance—but theirs was a chastened delight. As Keats says of his Diana and Endymion,

“ Perhaps they were too happy to be glad.”

After all these raptures, they came back to common sense. “I have been absent for a week,” said Ernst. “I had a previous hint of this intended marriage, and went to Heidelberg to see my learned rival. *Such* an exhibition! On the strength of his approaching change of condition, he has assumed the airs and dress of a *petit-maitre*. Fancy a man, old enough to be my grandfather, dressed like a modern Exquisite; with Hyperion curls—his own—by purchase; as fresh a bloom upon his hollow cheeks—as carmine can bestow, a thin moustache, dyed to the colour of his peruke; a frame bending beneath the burden of seventy winters—decked out to ape the

juvenility of one-and-twenty. In a word, dearest Caroline, the dotage and decrepitude of senility arrayed in the vanity of boyhood. Such is your intended."

"We must avoid this marriage," said the young lady, with a smile.

"*That* I have arranged, lady-bird! I have seen him, spoken to him, and ascertained that he is well-disposed to make you the victim of his great experiments in phrenology."

"Phrenology! — what a hard word. Can you tell me what it means?"

"*Ma bonne et belle* Caroline, it means the art of knowing what is in the head from merely looking at its outside. A Phrenologist thinks that the mind is in the brain, so that there is no great use for the heart, except to send out blood through the arteries and get it well through the veins. He does not believe, as you and I do, that hearts were made——"

"For what, Ernst?"

"For Love, *ma mignon*!"

It is a pity to interrupt such an interesting dialogue, but we cannot allow the young

people to remain talking, *ad libitum*, on such subjects. We must fancy it four-and-twenty hours later, if you please ; the next day, in fact.

The morrow had duly arrived, and so had the Professor. There, also, was Ernst,—giving Caroline her lesson, as if nothing ordinary were to happen, in that very library where they had all their soft talk on the previous day. At breakfast, Madame Annette had told her niece that it was full time to be married, Caroline had answered, that perhaps it was. Madame Annette had then praised her own discretion, and announced that Professor Richter would be a fit and proper nephew-in-law—Caroline had smiled, and not ventured to contradict her Aunt. Madame Annette had intimated that all the wedding-clothes were ready—Caroline had gravely thanked her. Lastly, Madame Annette bade her take her last lesson from Ernst, as she was to be married that evening—and Caroline went, like a dutiful niece.

A loud crack of the postillion's whip, the

rattle of a carriage in the court-yard. The Professor had arrived. What a wonderfully scientific man! He was accompanied by twenty thick volumes of the *Heidelbery Mercury*, containing all *his* Essays. He had brought a large box filled with cork-jackets, in case that he should go boating. He had brought a magnificent spinning-top. Nor was this all—he was accompanied, also, by his curious collection of skulls and casts, to be used in teaching Phrenology to his bride, and he had moreover brought with him the gold compass for reducing, and the portable air-pump for enlarging the bumps on the human *cranium*. It was a mystery how all his luggage could have been safely brought, with himself, in one vehicle.

Wonderful things! But, to apply Coleridge's quotation, the "voonder of voonders," was Professor Richter himself.

One might have thought him turned out of a band-box, so well was he made up. The moustaches had received a fresh application of "Turkish dye,"—he had put on his new

peruke,—he had put pearl-powder, as well as rouge, upon his cheeks,—he had invested himself in a magnificent suit of clothes,—he appeared quite a modern antique.

Having been shewn into the library, he saluted the fair Caroline, with an affectation of youthful spirit, and graciously expressed his satisfaction at renewing his acquaintance with Ernst. While they were exchanging compliments, Madame Annette came—rather discomposed, for one of the boxes of skulls had been broken, and the relics of mortality were rolling around the hall. The Professor speedily and carefully picked them up, after which, he gallantly escorted Caroline to the *déjeuné*, and divided his attention between it and the ladies. After this, they returned to the library.

Madame Annette soon introduced the subject of their meeting, and intimated that the marriage would take place that evening. The Professor expressed his delight at the arrangement which would so soon render him the happiest of men, but gravely added, that



Caroline must first have the goodness to submit to a Phrenological examination.

“A Phren—what?” said Madame, who had never heard of the science.

“An examination of her head, my dear Madame,” blandly replied the Professor.

Madame did not appear to know what he meant, so the Professor continued:—“We take a skull, such as this, for instance,” running into the hall, and returning with a skull in his hand, “on which the place and location of each organ is mapped out. We see how the brain is disposed in the living subject, by comparing it with these organs, and thus we judge of the character, the intellect, and the disposition of each individual. You will find it all lucidly explained in the thirteenth volume of the *Heidelberg Mercury*, page 157. There are notices of it in other volumes, which you can readily consult, as I have brought the whole twenty volumes with me, thinking that my Caroline would like some pleasant reading to amuse her during the honey-moon.”

“What nonsense is the man saying?” muttered Madame, in an ominous under-growl.

“If the young lady will sit down,” continued the Sage, “I shall now proceed with the examination.” Accordingly, obeying a nod from Ernst, the young lady sat down. The Professor placed the skull on the table before him, and was about commencing, when he found that he had mislaid his spectacles—they were very safe in Ernst’s pocket, at the moment. Ernst volunteered his aid as assistant, and the Professor was fain to accept it. So, the examination commenced.

“Now,” said the Professor, “begin with the affective organs. Let me judge what sort of a wife she will make.”

As it was not Ernst’s game to speak of them as they actually were, he thus catalogued them:—Combativeness, *large*: Destructiveness, *full*: Amativeness, *small*: Philoprogenitiveness, *none*.”

“Hold!” cried the Professor, starting up, “this will never answer. She is deficient in the faculties of her sex. We must subject her

to my experiment. This," said he, turning to Madame Annette, "this will shew the triumph of Science. I shall apply my compress and *tourniquet* to reduce Destructiveness and Combativeness, and shall use my portable air-pump and exhausted receiver, to developé Amativeness, and the other matrimonial organs. The double apparatus—how fortunate that I have brought it with me—does not weigh more than forty pounds, and she will have to wear it day and night, for not more than a twelvemonth. Madame, may I trouble you to cut off your neice's hair, that we may lose no time in commencing the developement and depression?"

Unfortunately for the interest and advancement of Science, Madame Annette Von Pichler no sooner comprehended the nature of this proposition, than she quietly flung the mapped skull out of the window, and calling up her servants, gave such decided orders for her house to be "cleared of all that rubbish," (as she irreverently called the Professor and his cargo,) that this eminent and highly indignant man immediately quitted the domicile, and

made the best of his way back to Heidelberg, where he might be seen to this very day, if he had not died on the first of April, 1818, being, by a curious coincidence, the appropriate anniversary of his birth.

"There," exclaimed Madame Annette, when the Professor and his learned lumber had been cleared away—"there! the man is mad. I thought so, when I saw him decked out as if he were only one-and-twenty. I had rather that my Caroline lost forty fortunes than gain such a loss\* as the competency that absurd old creature could have given you. Never mind, Caroline, though your cousin *has* turned up, and will take your fortune from you, there is enough left of mine to make you comfortable. But, oh! that beautiful wedding dinner! what can be done

\* "*Gained a loss.*"—Madame Annette could have quoted authority for this phrase. An Irish gentleman, who had married a dashing lady of fashion, with a moderate fortune, and an immoderate taste for expenditure, replied mournfully to some gratulations on the happy event: "Thank you kindly—but I am afraid *I have gained a loss.*"

with it? We cannot use it now—it will all be spoiled!”

“Suppose we prevent such an awful catastrophe,” said Ernst. “If you will take the trouble to read this missive, to which the Imperial seal and signature are duly attached, you will see that I, whom you have known as Ernst Manheim, the private tutor of your niece, am the very cousin, whose return to his native country, after much journeying, and long absence in remote lands, was to rob her of her fortune. If I do—it shall be to share it with her, and give her the title of Countess Von Fugger.”

Madame Annette could offer no objection to such a sensible proposition, involving the happiness of her niece, the increase of her family by the accession of a young gentleman, standing in double relation as cousin and husband to Caroline, and, above all, the certainty of the wedding feast being consumed by a wedding party. Ernst had, previously, made all the necessary arrangements, even to the inviting a select party of friends, and in due course of

time, his wife and his aunt were made acquainted with all the "moving incidents by flood and field," into which his truant disposition had plunged him.

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"Perhaps," asked Tressilian, "it may not be too much to inquire whether this adventure come under the head of fact or fancy? Has it been written to illustrate the sketch, or has the work of the pen preceded that of the pencil?"

"I plead guilty," said Crayon, "to the invention of the story; but though the incidents have been imagined, to illustrate the drawing, the main character was real, and the original may be encountered, any day of the week, in the town of Liverpool. To 'shoot folly as it flies,' is a legitimate task for any one who writes; and the original of my Professor Richter presented so many, and such obvious marks, that I could not help hitting them. As the Irish gentleman said, at Donnybrook fair, when he dealt a blow of his hurley to some bald head, which the wearer had thrust



out of a split in the tent with the purpose of cooling it, 'It was so tempting, that it was impossible to resist striking it.' For my own part, however, I rather fear that I have not shown my hero half so absurd as the original ; in this respect, my failing has leaned on the side of moderation."

"It would not be difficult," said Butler, "to make a curious chapter or two out of the originals whom one meets with in the daily path of life. I encountered one, as peculiar as Andrew Horner or the hero of Mr. Crayon's story. Do me the favour of hearing who he was, and how I happened to meet him."

## VIII.

THE COMPOSER OF POETRY.

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Two years ago—that is, in the Spring of 1831—on my daily return from the British Museum, I used to pass to the Strand through Wych Street, Drury Lane; in which, as all the world knows, stands the Olympic Theatre. Immediately opposite this temple of the drama, an old book-shop very unpretendingly reared its humble front. I should probably not have noticed it, if my attention had not been caught by a very fine engraving, after Phillips's well-known portrait of Lord Byron, which hung in its half-window. Crossing the street, to examine and admire it, I could not refrain

from looking at the collection of books which were displayed on the shelf, in the said half-window, beneath the portrait,—from a hundred to a hundred and fifty volumes, perhaps.

It was rather startling to find that these books were all upon one subject. Dallas's Recollections of Lord Byron,—Galignani's edition, containing the Letters and passages, the publication of which a Chancery injunction prohibited in this country,—were *vis-à-vis* with Leigh Hunt's unfortunate quarto on Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries. Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron at Pisa, were close to Dr. Kennedy's Conversations on Religion with him in Cephalonia. There, too, might be found Moore's quarto biography of the wayward Childe, and Galt's pert duodecimo. The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1824, containing another Memoir, reposed by the side of Clinton's Life of Byron,—which will yet be curious to a book-collector, as containing a variety of spirited wood-cuts after George Cruikshank. Knight and Lacy's Byron Anecdotes paired off with Nathan's

### Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron.

Nor was there any lack of works relating to Byron's last Visit to Greece, and his Death there. I noticed the volumes published by Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Count Pietro Gamba (brother of the Guiccioli), Colonel Leake, Mr. Blaquièrè, Dr. Millingen, and Major Parry.

In that collection, also, were several works of fiction in which Byron was exhibited as the hero : Harold the Exile, a forgotten offshoot of the Minerva press ; Lady Caroline Lamb's Glenarvon, and Miss Cursham's Norman Abbey. Here, also, might be found *The Vampire*, written by Dr. Polodori, and greedily accepted in France, for a long time, as a veritable work of Byron's. As fitting company to that contemptible fiction, there was the account of Byron's Residence in the Isle of Mytilene (an island which he never visited) ; and the equally accurate Narrative of his Voyage to Corsica and Sardinia in 1821, in his yacht *Mazeppa*.

William Howitt's *Poet's Pilgrimage to New-*

stead was there, with its quaint little view of Hucknall Church; it was companioned by tributes from the pens of foreigners—the Countess Albrizzi's Portraits of Illustrious Men, including the clever pen-and-ink sketch of Byron; M. Beyle's notice of the Poet, in his History of Painting in Italy; Casimer Delavigne's Messenian on Byron; Lamartine's Last Canto of Childe Harold; the Marquis de Salvo's Byron in Italy and Greece; and Madame Belloc's more critical tribute. I also noticed several translations of Byron by French authors, including the prosaic attempt, in metre, which Madame Lucile Thomas has perpetrated on *The Corsair*. And in that collection were several translations, into the Russian language, by Joukovsky, and others with more unpronounceable names.

There were numerous copies of the poet's works: Galignani's single volume, with the *Memoir*, by Lake, and the eight small volumes, with indifferent print and paper, issued to the "universal Yankee Nation," by Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia; the six duodecimos of

Murray's issue, (which preceded the seventeen volume edition of the Life and Works, only just now completed), and the supplementary volumes, containing the whole of Don Juan, and the later poems, published by the Hunts. And there, also, was not only the *editio princeps* of each of Byron's works, but every successive edition: a curious collection this, for it was headed by the thin quarto of Juvenilia, printed by Ridge, of Newark, in 1806, but destroyed (all but four copies) at the desire, and by the persuasion of Mr. Becher, the poet's early friend. There was The Hours of Idleness, emanating from the same country press; the English Bards, which some one had illustrated, at great expense, with the portrait and autograph of every writer therein blamed or praised; the original edition of Lara, issued in conjunction with Mr. Rogers' Jacqueline; every thing, in short, from the earliest of Byron's published writings to the last Cantos of Don Juan, which appeared in London only a month before his death in Greece. And there might also be found the half-a-dozen con-



tinuations of Don Juan, which, from time to time, have appeared, to show the writers' benevolent desire that the trunk-makers should not be distressed for waste paper. A thin pamphlet, containing *The Parliamentary Speeches*, consistently reposed on *The Liberal*, by the side of which was *Mazeppa Travestied*, and *Childe Harold in the Shades*, "an infernal Romaunt." Ranging with these, was *Hobhouse's Historical Illustrations of Childe Harold*; nay, as if resolved to show that whatever was allied to Byron should have a place here, I noticed *Commodore John Byron's Narrative of the Loss of the Wager*, (nicked in *Don Juan*, whose sufferings were

"Comparative

To those related in my grand-dad's narrative.")

and the present Lord Byron's quarto *Voyage to the Sandwich Islands*.

Nor was there any lack of friendly and unfriendly criticism and comment, from Joseph Cottle, Dr. Styles, Dr. Croly, C. C. Colton, Maginn, Hazlitt, Harding, Grant, with *Don Juan unmasked*, and a heap of anonymous

pamphlets; and towering among them, like a pyramid surrounded by huts, was a bulky Album, in which had been collected the thousand-and-one anecdotes, slanders, praises, and inventions which had appeared in the newspapers during Byron's life, and since his death. Among them,—indeed it figured as the first thing in the volume,—was the Original Proclamation, announcing Byron's Death, and the laments of Greece, issued at Missolonghi by Prince Maurocardato, on the part of the Provisional Government, on the evening of that 19th of April, 1824, when the cause of Freedom lost its truest champion, with the Funeral Oration spoken by Spiridion Tricoupis, at the same place, a few days after. There they were, in the original Greek, and some one had taken the pains to supply translations, which had been carefully and neatly written out and placed in the book, with the original mourning-edged documents. Such eulogy, from such men,—speaking with the voice of a grateful and grieving nation,—outweighs all the bitter censure and faint praise of open

enemies and pretended friends. There, too, framed and glazed, was a quarto page of Childe Harold, in the poet's autograph. It was singular to find, thus heaped together, all that Byron had published, together with the bulk of what friends and foes have related of him, either as matter-of-fact, or conjecture, or opinion.

I had fallen, it was evident, on a Byronic bookstall. There was no volume in that collection which was not either written by, or about the author of Childe Harold. I have seen such strange things in my brief day, that, in self-defence, I have adopted "*nil admirari*," from Horace, as my maxim, and am rarely overcome with surprise at anything; but this exclusiveness,—so completely *à la Byron*,—did surprise me. I looked through the shop window to discover what manner of man was the bibliopole. I could not see any body within,—but *that* was the less marvellous, inasmuch as it appeared doubtful whether the window-panes had ever been cleaned. There was no view of the interior. The books were

left exposed to public view and examination, as if the Byronic vendor had a fond confidence and consciousness that any one would as soon commit sacrilege as steal *them*!

I stood by the window for nearly half-an-hour, during which time many persons passed. Some casually took up the books, to look at them. Two or three seemed half-inclined to purchase, but went off, because no salesman was forthcoming. Still, unprotected as was this literary stock-in-trade, no one appeared inclined to take any part of it away. After spending some time in looking through the books, with vain expectation of the advent of their chapman, I, too,

“Homeward sped my solitary way.”

Day after day, I passed by this mysterious dwelling :—day after day, I was disappointed in my expectation of seeing its inhabitant. There was a touch of mystery in this—akin to that which formed an atmosphere around the goodly person of Washington Irving’s ‘Stout Gentleman’—which put me in a sort of literary

fever. Who could this Byron book-collector be? Was he an Eidolon, or a reality? Was he always invisible?—if not, how was it that I could never get a sight of him?

Once upon a time, happening to attend a public meeting where Dr. Spurzheim was also present, that phrenologist suddenly intimated to me, that the organ of “Ideality” was so strongly developed on my brow as to make him desirous to have a cast of my *cranium*—a very unpleasant process this cast-taking is, by the way, and when the head is cased in plaster of Paris, the slightest touch of a pin on the crust will make you fancy that you have been buried alive, and do not only hear, but *feel* the earth scattered on your coffin. This “Ideality” has played me a thousand tricks, especially when it sets me to become the architect of those exquisitely-formed edifices known as Castles in the Air. In the case of the invisible book-seller of “Wych Street,” it plunged me into a world of conjecture. Sometimes I fancied him a poetic *incognito*, who, having pap-fed his mind with album verses, had resolved to

turn over a new leaf, and endeavour to quaff stronger aliment from the passion-filled pages of Byron, and had set out the volumes to air, before he commenced cramming himself with their sublimity and sense. Sometimes I conjectured that it was some modern Sappho, who, having herself spun a ream or two of verses, was about setting up on her own account, and wished to dispose of her Byron library, as of no further use to her. Sometimes—heaven help us—I fancied that it might be some dreadful incarnation, some angel of the lower sphere, who having heard that Byron was founder of what Southey sharply calls “the Satanic School of Poetry,” had been sent up to collect a library of reference for that place which remains unnamed to “ears polite,” and had commenced with this set of Byron, his critics, translators, and biographers.

Conjecture, however wild and varied, did not help me to a sight of the bookseller—the *custos* of the Shop. Where was he?—where *could* he be? Had he any right to set people wondering at his constant absence? Why should



he, above all men, resemble what Mr. Galt described Byron as—"a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo? I began to have serious thoughts of privately setting fire to the premises, on the presumption that if *he* were on them, *that* would bring him out. But I happily recollected that the houses in that neighbourhood were old—that the Olympic, being chiefly built of wood, might easily catch fire—that it was easier to make, than to check a conflagration—that the crime of Arson is looked very unkindly at by the law—and that, perhaps, I might find it difficult to get a jury to understand and excuse my motives. So, I refrained.

Through Wych Street I made it a point of passing at all hours of the day :—the books were invariably exposed to view, but the door of that mysterious shop never opened. There the books always were,—there, their owner never was. At that time I was engaged in severe, and time-engrossing studies : but I could not help thinking, much oftener than I ought, of the little book-stall in Wych Street, and its

unseen owner. Who could he be?—where was he?

Once, as I was passing by, a tall gentleman, in spectacles, came up to me as I was standing with one of the books in my hand—a feint of mine to obtain a sight of the bookseller. “A strange fellow keeps this shop, Sir,” said he,—“You have seen him, then?” I asked, with some eagerness. “I know him,” said he. “When he first came here, nearly three months ago, I purchased some of these books from him, giving him the price he asked, for I had known his father many years ago, and wished to encourage the son. He sent the books to my house, as I had desired, but he came to me, about a week after, looking so very unhappy, that I asked him whether any misfortune had happened to him. He said, that he had nothing to complain of, but, if it did not make much difference to me, he would be very much obliged by my taking back the money I had paid him for the books, and letting him take them away with him. It turned out, when I questioned him, that he did not like to break

his collection—even though it was by their sale that he was to live. I granted his request, and he took away the books, evidently set at ease by thus readily regaining possession of them. It is a decided case of monomania. To be sure, *he* has cause to respect the memory of Byron.”

At this moment, just as I was in hopes of learning something about the Unknown, a gentleman came up, took him with the spectacles by the hand, walked him off, with “ My dear Galt,—you are the very person I want to advise with ;” and thus, on the very eve of having my curiosity gratified, it was cruelly left to eat its heart away.

Fortune, like the rest of her soft-hearted sex, does not always frown on those who have faith and patience to intreat her earnestly. So I found, when, one day, as it rained heavily while I was passing the Olympic Theatre, I saw a door open, on the opposite side of the street, and having neither cloak nor umbrella, I rushed across to that portal for shelter from “ the pelting of the pitiless storm.”

The luckiest shower in the world! The front door which I found open was that of the mysterious book-shop. I had gained the haven.

Once there, I resolved not to "quit the premises" until I had solved the riddle. Between me and the *sanctum sanctorum* of the actual shop, there yet remained the intervening obstacle of a partition-wall: but that was a trifle to the adventurous. I was in a hall—some three feet wide—common to two shops. One of these (that of the bookseller, the male Sphinx of Wych-street!) was closed. But I heard sounds from within—the clatter of a knife and fork—which assured me at once of the actual vicinity of the Unknown, as well as of the fact that he was, like myself, "of earth, earthy." The man was evidently engaged on that great work—his dinner.

Of course, I made up my mind to wait until I saw him—until I had speech of him: aye, though I should have had to wait in that dim, narrow passage until midnight. Very patiently did I delay, for nearly half-an-hour, for some kind genius to let me in. At last—

reward for all my patience, compensation for all my anxiety—the door stealthily creaked upon the hinges, as if it were opened in a mysterious manner. I quickly darted in. I was at once bold and fortunate. I was within the *penetralium*.

In many books of travels which I have read, I have observed that the authors were invariably “struck all in a heap,” when they first laid eyes on *the* shrine, whither their pilgrimage was tending. Some have become breathless at the first glimpse of Rome, “the Niobe of Nations ;” others have been smitten with voiceless expectation when, passing down the Brenta, the cry of “Venezia ! Venezia !” is heard, and the city of the sea opens on their view : more have bowed their heads when Mecca met their sight, (but these were turbaned Haggis,) and some have fallen on the ground and prayed, with tears, when from the rocky eminences which overhang the city of David, they have seen the Holy Sepulchre—it is a pity that the monks have shewn more than one, each being exhibited as the undoubted

original. But all these were affected raptures in comparison with what I (should have) felt on entering the interior of the Byronic book-vendor's retreat. However, I may make a clean breast of it, and confess that, owing to my intense curiosity to look upon the man, I had not presence of mind to recollect the propriety of being wonderfully awe-stricken and heart-delighted. I had no time for raptures.

I boldly advanced into the middle of the shop. It was, without exception, the smallest I had ever set my feet within. As far as dimensions went, it was half a shade more extensive than a cobbler's bulk. But if, as Dr. Watts said—

“The mind's the stature of the man,”

the standard by which he is to be measured—we may safely estimate the proportions of a bookseller's shop, not by *cubic*, but by *mental* measure. If so, although *this* shop was not very much larger than the interior of a six-insides' stage-coach, its moral dimensions must have been considerable.



Not *quite* into the middle of the shop. It was already half-filled by another person. So contracted was the space, that it was a matter of some difficulty to stand within it, without coming into bodily contact with the previous occupant. He had been busily engaged upon, and had just disposed of, a beef-steak, agreeably redolent of onions, and, at the very moment I first saw him, I did not catch his eye, because he was deeply bent on an endeavour to behold the bottom of a pot of stout—while you live, always drink malt liquor out of “its native pewter”—to which invigorating beverage he was very heartily paying his devoirs. When he had finished his mighty draught, concluding it with a deep sigh and an emphatic smack of the lips, which might have been almost heard across the street, he turned his head in my direction, and thus gave me a full opportunity of taking his likeness at a glance.

He was a young man, somewhat under the middle size, and wholly unlike any ideal of romance or mystery. He had a large quantity

of fair, sun-burnt hair, curly as that of a negro. The blemish of a red stain—one of the wishing-spots, whereof matrons speak—extended over a large portion of one cheek. He had bright blue eyes; a broad, low forehead; full lips, and turned-up nose. He had a bluff, yeoman-like air. His address smacked of country breeding—perfectly civil, but with a dash of independence. I wonder how such a man could have been a bookseller, and in London too. He seemed more adapted to follow the deer and dogs over the green fields, than to have his free spirit fret itself against the prisoning bars of a city life.

Not in the slightest degree embarrassed by my sudden entry into his little place, he announced himself, with some ostentation, as owner of the shop, and informed me that his stock-in-trade consisted of the books I had seen exhibited to the inspection of the street passengers, and of a portfolio of engravings. This portfolio he placed before me, and I saw that it contained a great many illustrations of the life, travels, and writings of Byron—I

should say, fully nineteen-twentieths of all that had been published at home and abroad. The walls of his little room were covered with large engravings—all of the same character. There were a few brackets in the corner, and on them he had mounted busts of Byron. He then shewed me copies of the minor poems, in the poet's own hand-writing, and exhibited, with much reverence, a lock of hair which, he told me, had been cut from Byron's head, while his body lay in state at Great George Street, Westminster, before it was taken down to Hucknall Church-yard, for interment. He quoted several passages from the poetry,—appearing familiar with the whole of it,—and his recitation, albeit a little too much mouthed, was very spirited, and shewed appreciation and feeling.

I could not understand all of this. I remarked that he appeared to have a decided liking for all things appertaining to Lord Byron, and a wonderfully close acquaintance with his writings. He replied, “why, sir, I have every cause to love Lord Byron. He

was the making of me and mine. I am his son."

Mystery upon mystery! Here was a discovery. But I made no remark, knowing of old, that you run the chance of marring a confession, by interrupting it. "Yes," he continued, "I am Lord Byron's own godson. My father is that Mr. Fletcher, his valet, whose name so often occurs in these books,"—pointing to the two volumes of the biography, by Moore. "My father was the humble and devoted friend and servant, to whom he endeavoured to speak his last wishes. In that far-away country, it was he who

' Sat by his lone couch, when even the mind  
Which swayed the world, was wavering, undefined.'"

On further conversation, I found no reason to doubt that this really was the eldest son of faithful Fletcher, and the namesake and god-child of the great poet, whose fame fills the world.

He told me that he had been born on the Newstead property, and it was not of the

dull routine of every-day thought and action, to see the tears stream down his cheeks, as, with all the natural eloquence of over-flowing gratitude, he spoke of the favours his family had received from Byron. In reply to my enquiry respecting his father, the faithful Fletcher, he told me that as Lord Byron's will had not made any provision for him, Byron's dear sister Augusta had done for him what she could—which, however, was not much. He wrote me his address, "Mr. Fletcher, 3, Charles-street, Berkeley-square," where he was in business as a vender of vermicelli, and such culinary nick-nacks.\* The handwriting of the

\* "After all his adventures by flood and field, short commons included, this humble Achates of the poet has now established himself as the keeper of an Italian warehouse, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, where, if he does not thrive, every one who knows anything of his character will say he deserves to do."—*Murray's Ed. of Byron, vol. viii. p. 19.* Unfortunately he did not thrive, for he passed through the Insolvent Debtor's Court, in June, 1837. Immediately after, a subscription was set on foot for him, under the auspices of Mr. Murray, which did not yield much. He died, in November, 1839, in distressed circumstances.

younger Fletcher corroborated the theory, that character and temperament may often be predicated from the caligraphy of individuals. The writing was a bold, clear, round-text—exactly such as might be looked for from a yeoman. I should have been greatly disappointed if it had been thin, and wiry, and angular, like that of a boarding-school Miss, or a *petit maitre*.

By this time, the rain had ceased, and, my curiosity as much disappointed as gratified, I was quitting the place, expressing my intention of purchasing one of the books. But Fletcher contrived to raise some objection in every instance. He feared that this work was as good as sold—that the other was not quite perfect—that a third should be sent to the binder. I saw, in short, that he really was unwilling to part with any of his stock-in-trade. Therefore, promising to call again, I was departing, when respectfully soliciting “future favours,” he put one of his own cards into my hand. I have carefully preserved it, and here it is:—





GEORGE FLETCHER,  
**Bookseller, Printseller, Stationer,**  
AND  
Composer of Poetry,  
55, WYCH STREET, DRURY LANE,  
Opposite the Olympic.

Composer of Poetry, as part of the book-selling and stationery business, was a novelty, although it certainly is as correct as "Composer of Music." I asked to see some of his productions. He briskly opened a drawer—the place was too small for a desk—and handed from it a pamphlet containing some rhymes, very indifferently printed, on paper to match.

The subject of these verses was Reform—a stirring question at that period. I had not time to read the poem then, so, seeing "price sixpence" imprinted on the title, I produced

that coin, laid it down, and was pocketing my purchase, when the Composer told me he could not part with that copy, as it was the last of two editions of five-hundred each, and he must retain it, to have a third edition printed therefrom. In a few days, he said, he should have this new edition ready.

Thus it happened that I did not become the possessor of this literary gem. I have lamented, ever since, that I had not time to give it a perusal on the spot. My memory of odd things is very tenacious, and I ought have carried off ten or a dozen of the fifty stanzas of this *brochure*. I recollect, however, that one verse was somewhat to this effect :—

“ And, when the Nation came to see  
What a great Reform there would be,  
They were as glad as any thing,  
And blessed the Queen and also the King.”

Something in the same vein were verses which a “Composer of Poetry,” at Aberdeen, named John Davidson, published on the same subject, at the same time :—

“ ’Tis true we live in Aberdeen,  
A northern city cold;  
But that our hearts are true to him  
King Wil-li-am hath been told.”

Mr. Fletcher, to eke out the sixteen pages of his publication, had added a few *Miscellanies*. I remember the opening stanzas of a “Poem on Mr. Green’s Balloon ascent, at Nottingham, in September, 1826.” It is this:—

“ That moment was an awful hour  
To all in hall, in court, in bower,  
When up, in beauty, to the sky,  
Like a beautiful bird, the balloon did fly.  
In all my days I never seen  
A bolder man than Mr. Green.  
I wish he may have, with my praise,  
A happy end, and length of days.”

To what Sterne called “the cant of criticism,” I leave the smile at poor Fletcher’s confounding the duration of a “moment” with an “hour.” The same word-picking may decide how, except by poetic license, the adventurous aëronaut was first to have a “happy end,” and then the boon of “length of days.” The Composer certainly had not heard of the itinerant

preacher who, when discoursing on the goodness of Providence, said—"But, my brethren, even Death itself, which for our many offences, we all have merited, Providence has wisely and kindly placed at the *end* of our lives: for, oh! what would Life be worth, if Death was at the *beginning*?" In the same discourse, the preacher made the *naïve* remark—"It is a remarkable instance of the goodness of Providence, that large rivers invariably flow by large towns."

The perusal of Lord Byron's works had not made a poet of his valet's first-born.

A week or two after my interview with this "Composer of Poetry," I again went to his residence. I found the shop closed, and no one could inform me what had become of the occupant. Fletcher had given up business—if ever he had any—and yet the bustle of London went on as usual. A great luminary had departed from Wych-street, Drury-lane. This is the last I ever saw or heard of the COMPOSER OF POETRY!

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“It grieved me, I assure you,” said Butler, “to have unluckily missed the opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance with this ‘Composer of Poetry.’ There was a rough, honest independence about him which, in the wilderness of London, was quite startling. He had a firm belief that he actually had great poetical genius ; and yet, despite this glaring defect of judgment, he understood and was familiar with the writings of Byron. I do not know whether he had read other authors, but nobody could doubt that he had studied, and could appreciate the author of *Childe Harold*. It was as if a diamond merchant should have exquisite appreciation of gems possessed by others, and fancy that his own bit of paste was a stone of the first water. Account for it who can : it puzzles me.”

“It only shows,” remarked our Irish friend, “that there are more things in earth and heaven than *your* philosophy hath dreamed of. It would have rewarded your pains had you traced out this man, and ascertained the causes which had made his judgment of other

men's writings so vastly superior to his exaggerated estimate of his own. The anomaly appears remarkably curious. To think so accurately, and write so wretchedly,—to have lighted his lamp by the pure lustre of Byron's genius, and fed it with the commonest whale-oil of his own mind,—to have a true appreciation of what the greatest genius of our time has written, and yet to cling with egotistical satisfaction to the inanity which his own pen produced,—these things show a peculiarity of mental organization which it would have been curious to have analysed."

"I assure you," replied Butler, "that I 'nothing exaggerate, nor set down aught in malice,' respecting the man. I speak of him as I found him—enthusiastically attached to the memory of Byron, capable of delicately appreciating the immortal poetry of that immortal mind, and yet, when attempting to imitate it, producing not merely what was common-place and tame, but such doggrel as the ballad-mongers of the Seven Dials would have perused with scorn."



“When I was a lad,” said Moran, “I had opportunities of meeting an individual who as a ‘Composer of Poetry,’ was only a few degrees superior to him of Wych Street, but who contrived to live—aye, and rather luxuriantly too—upon the popular belief that he was a Poet. Unfortunately, he published, about eighteen months ago, and *that* has rather tended to unpedestal him. As a mixture of pretence and mediocrity, he stands unequalled; and if you will permit me, I shall read a sketch of him which I wrote, in an idle hour, for want of a better subject.”

## IX.

THE BARD O'KELLY.

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FOR the last thirty years, an individual who calls himself "The Bard O'Kelly" has wandered through all parts of Ireland, subsisting on the exacted hospitality and the enforced contributions of such as happened to be so weak, as to dread being put by him into a couplet of satirical doggrel, and thus held up to public scorn as wanting in liberality. An Irishman, be it known, will not submit to an imputation upon his generosity ; rather than have *that* questioned, he will give away his last sixpence, though the gift leave him without food. O'Kelly was shrewd enough to know

this, and like the ale which Boniface so much praises in Farquhar's comedy, he "fed purely upon it"—in fact, it was meat, drink, clothing, and lodging to him.

Until he published his "poems," no one knew on what very slight grounds his Bardship rested. His book—a thin, ill-printed octavo, called "The Hippocrene," appeared, with a dedication, by permission, to "the most noble and warlike Marquis of Anglesea," and underneath the inscription is the quatrain,

" *O dulce decus!* thou art mine,  
What can I more or less say:  
*Presidium!* pillar of the NINE,  
Illustrious chief ANGLESEA!!"

In order, also, that the world might know what manner of man his bardling was, he had put his portrait as a frontispiece, and, with characteristic modesty, had engraved beneath it,—

" Sweet bard! sweet lake! congenial shall your fame  
The rays of genius and of beauty claim,  
Nor vainly claim: for who can read and view,  
And not confess O'KELLY's pencil true."

The lake here alluded to, is that of Killarney. In the year 1791, O'Kelly wrote what he called "a Poem" on the romantic scenery of Killarney. It was written, but not published—recited by the bard, as the Iliad and Odyssey are said to have been by "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,"—handed about in manuscript among friends, like much of the verse of the present day, when, (because every third man is an author,) hard-hearted booksellers refuse to purchase valueless copyrights, or even to publish them, save at the sole expense and risk of the writers.

So, in 1791, was written, not published, the Bard's "Killarney,"—a poem which (as *he* was wont to speak of it,) "has all the depth of the lake it immortalizes, with the clearness, freshness, and sparkling flow of its waters!" It may be thought a little egotistical for O'Kelly thus to praise his own writings—but, surely, a man is the best judge of his own merit, and best acquainted with his own talents. I put it to every man of sense—that is, to every person who completely coin-

cides with my opinion,—whether, if a man does not think and speak well of himself, it can possibly be expected, that any one else will? No; O'Kelly's self-praise was only a flourish to remind people what a genius they had among them—a Laputan flap to make the Irish world quite aware of the fact of his immeasurable merit.

There was a rumour—but I hate scandal—that the Bard, (being a poet, and lame to boot, like the Grecian,) had an ambition to be the new Tyrtæus of the Irish Rebels, in 1798. He has been seen to smile, rather assentingly, at “the soft impeachment,” although, no doubt, while the insurgents were liable to punishment, he had very *capital* reasons for denying it. While the Civil War was raging, he went to the north-east of Ireland, and, his enemies say, with rebellious designs. But his own assertion,

“And truths divine come mended from his lips,”

was that the sole object of his tour was to compose a poem on the sublimities of the Giant's Causeway. Such a composition was

written—for I have seen it. But the greatest and best of men, from Socrates down to O'Kelly—have been subjected to suspicion and persecution, and it happened that when the Bard shewed himself in the north, he was taken up by the King's forces, and summarily committed to prison on suspicion that his visit was occasioned by a desire to discover a snug landing-place, on the Antrim coast, for the French—who, at that time, were about invading Ireland.

Bad news travels very quickly. It soon was noised about Kerry, that the Bard had been taken up. As a story, like a snow-ball, increases as it travels, it was even added *that the Bard had been hanged!*

On this, a wretch named Michael M'Carthy—a Macroom man was this Bathyllus to the Hibernian Maro—constituted himself heir-at-law and residuary legatee to the Bard's poetical effects, and, not having the fear of Apollo's vengeance before his eyes, had the barefaced audacity to publish eight hundred and forty lines of "Killarney," mixed up with certain



versicles of his own, under the imposing name of "*Lacus Delectabilis*."

The Bard O'Kelly heard of this audacious appropriation at the very hour when his trial was coming on, and it took such effect upon his spirits that, to use his own figurative language, he "did not know at the time, whether he was standing on his head or his heels."

Brought for trial before a military tribunal, quick in decision and sharp in execution, there was so much presumptive evidence against him, that he was convicted without much delay, (his judges were in a hurry to dine,) and sentenced to be hanged early the next day.

The emergency of the case restrung his shattered energies. Recovering the use of his tongue, he made a heart-rending appeal to the Court Martial; narrated the vile plagiarism which had been committed on his beautiful and beloved Killarney; recited a hundred lines of that sonorous composition, and concluded a very energetic harangue, by request-

ing "leave of absence," for a few weeks, in order that he might proceed to Kerry, there to punish M'Carthy for his dire offence against all the recognized rules of authorship. He even tendered his own bail for his re-appearance to be hanged, as soon as, by performing an act of signal justice towards the plagiarist, he had vindicated that fame which, he said, was of more value to him than life.

The manner and matter of this extraordinary address—such as never, before nor since, was spoken in a Court of Justice—were so extraordinary that the execution of the sentence was postponed. When the Civil War was over, the Bard was liberated. "It was a great triumph for my eloquence," was his usual self-complacent expression, in after life, when speaking of this hair-breadth escape. To this day, however, there are some who hint that the Court considered him *non compos mentis*—too much of a fool to be traitor and conspirator—and were merciful accordingly.

When O'Kelly returned home, he did not annihilate Mac Carthy in the body—he did so

in spirit: he lampooned him. Finally, the plagiarist made a public apology; and an armistice was effected by the aid of copious libations of the "mountain-dew," the favourite Hippocrene of Irishmen.

The Bard's trip to the Giant's Causeway gave him a wonderful inclination for travelling. As itinerary rhyme-spinner, he has continued to keep body and soul together ever since, in a manner which nothing but the brilliant invention of a verse-making Milesian could have dreamed of. Under the face of the sun no people so keenly appreciate, and so undeniably dread, satire as the Irish do. Few, it may be added, have greater powers in that line—and this without being imbued with less good nature or more malice than other people. They particularly shrink from any imputation on their open-handed and open-hearted hospitality. The Bard O'Kelly knew that this sensitive feeling was the blot which he was to hit. And on the results of this knowledge, he has contrived to live well—to obtain raiment, money, lodging, food, and drink,

during the vicissitudes of some five-and-thirty years.

He committed himself to a pilgrimage from place to place, through Ireland, always fixing his headquarters at the residence of some country gentleman. Here he would abide for a week—a fortnight—or even a month, if he liked his quarters, and thought his intrusion would be tolerated so long. During his stay, his two horses, his son, (for, being Irish, he had got married very soon) and himself, always lived “in clover.” His valedictory acknowledgment, by which he considered that he repaid the hospitality extended to him, was a laudatory couplet! If there were, or if there seemed to be, the slightest want of cordiality in his reception or entertainment, he would immediately depart, giving the delinquent to immortal infamy in a stinging couplet. When he had written a few score of these rhymes he used to get them printed (ballad-wise) on octavo slips of whity-brown paper, and each new page was added to its predecessor, by being pasted into a sort of scrap-book. This

collection he called his "Poetic Tour," and he had only a single copy of it; and to this, which he promised to have printed in a regular book, at some future period, every one who entertained him was expected to subscribe from a crown to a guinea—*subscriptions payable in advance*. To this rule he had permitted only one exception. This was some five-and-twenty years ago, when the Chevalier Ruspini, (a tooth and corn-extractor) who travelled in Ireland as "Dentist to the Prince of Wales," subscribed, in the name of his royal master, for fifty copies of the work; and, on the strength of this, managed to dine, on three several occasions, with O'Kelly—being the only instance on record of his Bardship having ever played the host.

I knew O'Kelly personally, having met him, for the first time, in the summer of 1823, at the house of a relative in the county Limerick, whither he came, purposely, to remain one day *en passant*, but did us the honour of staying for a fortnight. He made his first appearance at dinner-time, and his knife and

fork were wielded as effectively as if he had not used them during the preceding month. In the course of the evening, he exhibited other manifestations of industry and genius. He complained of labouring under a cold, which he undertook to cure by a peculiar process. This was no less than by imbibing about a dozen tumblers of hot and strong whiskey-punch, without moving from his seat. This, he assured us, was "a famous remedy for all distempers ; good," added he, "for a cure, and magnificent as a preventative." He condescended to inform us that, well or sick, this quantity was his regular allowance after dinner—when he could get it.

He was loquacious in his cups. The subject of the Royal visit to Ireland, in 1821, having been broached, O'Kelly produced a printed account of his own interview with the monarch. This, he told us, had appeared in a newspaper called the Roscommon Gazette, and it was not difficult to guess at whose instance it had gained publicity. The account which he read for us was rather an improved edition, he said,



as his friend, the Roscommon editor, had ruthlessly cut out some of the adjectives and superlatives. What he read was to this effect, accompanied with his own running commentary of explanation and remark :—

“ ‘THE BARD O'KELLY AND THE KING.’ ”

“ You see, gentlemen, that I put myself first. Genius (pronounced *janius*) before greatness any day !

“ ‘ When his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth—whom God and Saint Patrick preserve !—paid his loving subjects a visit in August, 1821, the most eminent men of Ireland resorted to the metropolis to do him honour. Among them, was our distinguished and illustrious countryman, the Bard O'Kelly. Without *his* presence, where would have been the crowning rose of the wreath of Erin's glory ? And it is very creditable to His Majesty's taste, that his very first inquiry, on entering the vice-regal lodge, in Phoenix Park, was after that honour to our country, our

renowned Bard, to whose beautiful productions he had subscribed, for fifty copies, many years ago.'

" Yes, gentlemen, he knew all about me. As he had inquired for *me*, I thought I could not do less, in course of common civility, than indulge *him* with the pleasure of a visit. But you shall hear :—

" ' When the Bard reached Dublin, and heard of His Majesty's most kind and friendly inquiries, he sent a most polite autograph note, written with his own hand, to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, announcing his own arrival, wishing His Majesty joy on *his*, and requesting Sir Benjamin to appoint a day, mutually convenient to the many important engagements of the Poet and the Monarch, when an interview between these distinguished personages should take place. With that true politeness and chivalrous courtesy which adorn and distinguish the Bard, he notified that, the King being a stranger, the Bard was willing to waive ceremony, and wait upon him, to pre-

sent a copy of his highly poetical poems, for fifty copies of which the Chevalier Ruspini had subscribed, on behalf of His Majesty, when Prince of Wales.'

" Indeed, they were to have been dedicated to him, but, as yet, I have not had but the one copy, which I have made up from the slips which have been separately printed, from time to time. Kind gentlemen, reading always makes me drouthy ;—may be, one of ye will mix a tumbler for me ?—not too strong of the water ;—christen the spirit, but don't drown it. Ah, that will do !

" ' An answer was immediately sent by three servants in royal livery, requesting, if perfectly agreeable to O'Kelly, that he would do His Majesty the favour of a friendly visit, the next day at four o'clock.'

" So I sent word to say that I'd be with him punctual. The next day, I dressed myself very neat, put on my other shirt, gave my coat a brushing (a thing I don't often do, as it

takes the nap off the cloth), brightened the brass buttons with a bit of chamois leather, went over the seams with a little vinegar and ink, polished my boots, so that you'd see your likeness in them like a looking-glass, had myself elegantly shaved, and to the King I went. But you shall hear :

“ ‘ To this proposition, the Bard politely assented, and went to the castle of Dublin, at the appointed hour, the next day. There he sent his card to the King, with his compliments ; and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield immediately came down the Grand Staircase, and, with a most gracious message from His Majesty, handed him a fifty-pound bank-note, as the royal subscription to his admirable poems.’

“ I won't deny that the sight and touch of the money were mighty pleasant ; but I said nothing. It was a larger sum than ever I had at any one time before, for *my* riches have always been of the head, rather than of the purse. I put the bank-note into my waistcoat-

pocket, fastened it safely there with a pin I took out of my cuff, and then—mind, not until *then*—I told Sir Benjamin——But I'll read it :—

“ ‘ O’Kelly (with that noble disregard for lucre, which always distinguished our eminently patriotic, poetic, high-minded, much-accomplished, and generous-hearted countryman,) immediately told Sir Benjamin, that he would rather relinquish the money, than abandon the anticipated pleasure of a personal interview with his Sovereign.’

“ Mind—I had the fifty pounds snug in my pocket all the while. You may be certain that I wouldn’t have spoken that way *before* fingering the cash.

“ ‘ On this most disinterested and loyal determination having been mentioned to His Majesty, he was so delighted with it, that he desired the Bard to be ushered instantly into the Grand Hall of Audience. This was done, and there the Most Noble the Marquis

of Conyngham had the honour of introducing His Majesty to the Poet.'

"Wasn't it a grand sight! There was the King on his throne, and all the great officers of state standing around him. In one hand, the King held a sceptre of pure gold, and the other was stretched out to receive my book. On his head he wore a crown of gold, studded all over with jewels, and weighing half a hundred weight, at the very least. On his breast, in the place where a diamond star is usually represented in the portraits, His Majesty wore a bunch of shamrock, the size of a cauliflower. Now you'll hear what occurred :—

"'Compliments being exchanged, the King descended from his throne, and had the pleasure of introducing the Bard to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and all the other Ladies of the Bedchamber. His Majesty, then—returning to his throne, and insisting that the Bard should occupy an arm-chair by his right side—said, 'Mr. O'Kelly'——' O'KELLY, without the



*Mister*, if you please,' said the Bard, 'Your Majesty would not say Mr. Shakspere or Mr. Milton.' 'True enough,' said the King, 'I sit corrected : I beg your pardon, O'Kelly. I should have known better. Well then, O'Kelly, I am quite sure that I shall be delighted with your beautiful poems, when I've time to read them.' To this, the Bard replied, 'Your Majesty, I believe they'd delight and instruct any one.' At this intelligent, and most correct observation, his Majesty was pleased to smile. He then added, 'I'm sorry to see by your iron leg that you are lame.' O'Kelly, with that ready wit for which he is as remarkable as he is for his modesty, instantly replied, 'If I halt in my leg, I don't in my verses, for

" If God one member has oppressed,  
He's made more perfect all the rest."

It is impossible for words to describe the thunders of applause by which this beautiful impromptu was followed.'

"I knew, well enough, that something smart would be expected from a man like me; so I

went prepared with several impromptus, to be introduced when the occasion would allow.

“ ‘His Majesty then said, ‘It is really remarkable that you and my friend Walter Scott should both be lame.’ The Bard replied, ‘And Lord Byron also.’ His Majesty then observed, ‘It is a wonderful coincidence—the three great poets of the three kingdoms.’ At the request of the Marquis of Conyngham, the Bard then made the following extemporaneous epigram, off hand, on this interesting subject :

‘ Three poets for three sister kingdoms born,

“That’s England, Ireland, and Scotland,—

‘ One for the rose, another for the thorn,

“You know that the rose and thistle are the national emblems of England and Scotland :

‘ One for the shamrock,

“That’s poor old Ireland,—

‘ which shall ne’er decay,

While rose and thorn must yearly die away.”

“ ‘His Majesty was quite electrified at the ready wit displayed in this beautiful im-

promptu, and took leave of the Bard in the most affectionate and gracious manner. It is whispered, among the fashionable circles, that O'Kelly has declined the offer of a baronetcy, made to him by command of the Sovereign.' ”

“ Indeed,” said the Bard, in conclusion, “ the King and me were mutually pleased with each other. I'd have had myself made a Baronet, like Scott, but I have not the dirty acres to keep up the dignity. 'Tis my private notion, if the King had seen me first, I'd have had ten times the money he sent me. Well, he's every inch a King, and here's his health.”

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You may judge, from what he printed and what he spoke, whether the modesty of the Bard was not equal to his genius. It is a fact, I understand, that he actually made his way to an audience with George the Fourth ; he must have rather astonished his Majesty. At present, the Bard's head-quarters are in Cork, where he is to be found, open to any *given* quantity of liquor :—“ The last of all the bards is he !”

“Unquestionably,” said Tressilian, “Irish life has many remarkable lights and shadows. Such a fungus as The Bard O’Kelly could only have been produced in, and tolerated by a very strange state of society. In this country, such a person would have had no chance whatever.”

“He was partly laughed at as a bully,—partly feared as a satirist,” answered Moran. “His manner, conversation, and attire, would scarcely have been endured in the servants’ hall; yet he forced his way into the company of respectable people. One comfort is, such a person would have no chance in Ireland now. The ‘hail fellow, well met’ system is at an end there, and it is a pity it should ever have prevailed.”

An observation here was made that, as it was getting late, it behoved us to arrange our plans for the morrow’s sight-seeing. To give us time to think of them, Tressilian volunteered another story, rather different, in incident and character, from any we had yet heard. We listened, while thus he spoke.

## X.

THE GREAT WILL CAUSE.

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THE village of Audley, which, as Mr. George Robins would say, "is delightfully situated within an easy distance of the provincial metropolis of a highly-favoured midland county," continues to rejoice in almost as primitive simplicity as distinguished it a century ago. No railway runs its narrow length within its vicinity; no mail coach is whirled through its one street; not even an humble two-horse stage connects it with the county town. Neither has it any peculiar manufacture or trade to distinguish it. A country village it has been time out of mind, nor do I wish it

so ill as to hope that modern improvement may visit and spoil it, by attempting to make it any thing more.

The inhabitants of Audley, few in number, have carefully eschewed politics,—even when a contested election sends candidates, and canvassers, and gay favours among them. The few voters in and near the village,—substantial freeholders, who

“Ne’er have changed, nor wished to change their place,”

have usually given their “sweet voices” to the candidates on the Red interest, because the owners of the Audley property have always supported that interest; besides, at Audley, red ribbons are considered as extremely becoming to all complexions and eyes. Beyond this, these good people venture not upon the troubled sea of politics. The London newspaper from the Hall, descends to the Marston Arms Inn, the only hostelry in the village, and after being duly talked over there, and its intelligence duly wondered at, and com-



mented upon, passes into the hands of Mr. Salt, schoolmaster and parish-clerk,—a man who knows Latin, algebra, and mensuration, is suspected of a bowing acquaintance with the characters of the Greek alphabet, and is known to be tremendously hen-pecked by his pretty wife, who actually cannot write her own name. Mr. Simon Salt has the reputation of being a traveller who has seen the world, having once paid a visit to London, on which occasion, having seen George IV. go in state to open the session of Parliament, his Majesty did very graciously condescend to bestow sundry bows upon his loving subjects, who shouted while the cavalcade passed by, and the worthy and erudite Simon Salt, whose loyalty had exhibited itself in a very observable and unsophisticated manner, was confident that his Majesty did pay the compliment of a low bow, exclusively intended for *him*, the aforesaid Simon Salt. Did not Audley greatly rejoice at the announcement of this gratifying information? Has not Audley, ever since, been loyally proud of the lofty and dis-

criminating courtesy of its Sovereign? Has it not full cause to be proud, inasmuch as the compliment is reflected upon all the Audley-ites, seeing that the excellent Mr. Salt ranks in public station only lower than the Vicar, and is universally considered as the news-carrier of the village?

The Hall,—as it is emphatically called, as if it were the only Hall in the county,—has always exercised as much influence over the primitive people of Audley, as the Court of St. James's does over the world of fashion in London. The owners of the Hall “came in with the Conqueror,” and have held Audley Manor, and its dependencies, ever since. Seldom seduced into extravagance; deluded neither by gambling, horse-racing, electioneering, nor a taste for building; content to reign at Audley, rather than ruin their fortune by vain competition with superior rank and wealth elsewhere; satisfied with being able to make the proud boast that more than once a peerage had been offered and declined, the Marstons had lived happier, perhaps, than most private

families in the kingdom. "Live and let live" was their rule of conduct towards their tenantry, who, holding their farms at low rents, were able to make their payments with a punctuality which landlords might have envied. Thus, Audley was one of the few out-of-the-way, old-fashioned places where peace and plenty reigned supreme, where politics were unheeded, where pauperism was unknown, where the keeper of "the cage" had a sinecure, and the stocks had fallen into decay from want of use.

The Marston Arms Inn, at Audley, is one of the most picturesque old houses you ever saw. It had been built,—no one knew when. It had been enlarged and beautified (as was testified by the date graven on a square stone inserted in the ample porch,) in the comparatively recent reign of Elizabeth. Those who have seen the curious gateway which leads to the Council House at Shrewsbury, will readily understand what manner of house was this. It was a fine specimen of the ancient mode of building, where immense beams of oak traverse

the walls, like frame work, which are carefully painted in black and white, as may yet be seen in some old houses in the midland counties. Innumerable carvings embellished the edifice,—some grotesque in design, some fancifully conceived in the true spirit of the Beautiful, and executed with delicate and tasteful manipulation. The roof, which presented a multiplicity of angles, was crowned with a variety of small, turret-like prominences, of no particular order of architecture, but uniting to make a curious whole. The garden side was wholly, and the front façade partially covered with ivy, the stem of which was thick as the body of a stout man, over which ran quite a wilderness of flowering creepers. Within, the walls were wainscoted with oak, black with age and polished as marble. Of oak, too, were the transverse beams which supported the low ceilings; of oak were the floors, and of oak were the low, wide stairs. Time had hardened the timber, so that you might almost as easily drive a nail into an iron wall, as into one of the massive beams.

The windows, consisting of small, diamonded panes, were enriched, here and there, with fragments of painted glass, through which, in other days, a "dim, religious light" had been cast upon the grave stones, which literally formed the flagging of Audley Abbey, now in ruins.

The hostess was almost as old-fashioned as the house. She was one of the olden school—a maiden who had arrived at the decorous years when, having increased in bulk and dignity, spinsters wear caps with flowing lace lappets, and long mittens, and prefix Mistress to their surnames. Her guests, for the time being, were considered by her as part of her own family. The greatest insult that one of them could inflict, was the not doing full justice to the viands she prepared for his use. The pains she took to tempt them to eat and drink heartily, would not be credited by any London innkeeper. She was uneasy if the dinner was not appetizing. On the other hand, she allowed no one to drink more than, in her judgment, was quite good for him. On Sundays, the rule

of her house was that her guests should dine with her. For that repast, she would dispense some particularly old and curious wine, with a perfume like a bouquet, which (as she loved to boast,) neither love nor money could draw from her cellar at any other time. Woe to the guest who proffered payment for that Sunday dinner, or that unequalled wine.

Mrs. Lee, however, had not many opportunities of thus exercising her hospitality, for Audley was not much visited by strangers. Now and then, an artist or an antiquarian came, and remained a short time. Sometimes, too, it was visited by some disciple of Isaac Walton. Many people wondered why Mrs. Lee remained in business. She was considered a wealthy woman, who could well afford to live without the inn ; but custom, trifling as it was, and a liking for the business, kept her in the old house. Besides, as she said, if *she* gave it up, no one else would take it, for the expenses far exceeded the receipts ; and what would Audley be without its inn ?

At length, however, a few years ago, Mrs.



Lee was made very happy by the arrival and continuance of a guest. This was a Mr. Mavor, who had come to Audley to try his skill, as a brother of the angle, in a fine trout-stream, running through the centre of the estate. There was no difficulty, through his bustling hostess, in getting permission to fish in this stream, and the only mischance was, that while thus engaged one day, a sudden and severe shower of rain gave him a severe cold, which ripened by neglect into a really dangerous illness, compelling him to remain at Audley much longer than he had intended, but affording worthy Mrs. Lee an opportunity of exhibiting her unrivalled powers as a nurse.

The invalid had so nearly recovered, that one Sunday afternoon, as he sat enthroned in the very easiest of easy-chairs, in her own sitting-room, while Mrs. Lee made tea for him, she endeavoured to impress upon his mind the propriety, as soon as he was quite well, of returning thanks in person, for the kindnesses, which, during his illness, had been showered upon him from The Hall.

“Indeed, Sir,” quoth she, happy at having fallen in with an attentive listener, “’tis not to be mentioned how kind Miss Marston, and her mother have been. Every morning, Sir, there was a servant to enquire how you were—and sometimes the ladies called themselves, if they came to the village. Then there was fruit from the hot-house and the garden, jellies and cordials from the housekeeper’s room ; and dainties of all kinds, such as they fancied a sick man might fancy or relish. Indeed, Sir, you must not leave Audley without going to The Hall, and thanking them.”

“Well, Mrs. Lee, I suppose I must, but I am not fond of seeing strangers, or making new acquaintances.”

“Perhaps not, Mr. Mavor, but these are ladies, and a mere note of thanks would not be so proper for them, as it would be for gentlemen.”

“Then there is no gentleman at The Hall?”

“Not one, Sir. The Squire died three years ago. Miss Marston then came in for the estate, as the next heir, and she and her mother have

lived there ever since. Her father died many years ago."

"And had the Squire, as you call him, no son?"

"Why, Sir, he had, and he had not. When the Squire was quite a young man, he went abroad on his travels, and did not return for many years. Indeed, we heard that he had got married abroad; but this could scarcely be true, because, when he returned at last, he brought no wife with him. A little boy in arms came with him, but as his nurse was a French woman, who returned home before she could speak our language, and none of us understood hers, we could not make out from her who the child's mother was. However, Sir, the Squire called him Frank Marston, and, indeed, you had only to look in his face and see, from the great likeness, that he was the Squire's son. When the lad grew up a bit, he used to be everlastingly down in the village. Many, and many a time, Sir, has he sate in that very chair. No one could help loving Master Frank. At times his father would be

very fond of him, and then, at other times, he would look so mournfully into the lad's face, and then speak to him quite pettishly, (as if he was afraid of getting too fond of the boy,) and turn into his library, and not be seen for days. 'Twas thought, Sir, that he had something heavy on his mind. At last, when Master Frank was about eleven or twelve, as well as we could guess, he was sent to one of the great public schools, and there he took to his learning in a remarkable manner, and carried every thing before him. 'Twas the same way when he went to College, he had only to try for a prize, and he was sure to get it. The squire, who knew how fond I was of Master Frank,—did I tell you, Sir, that my mother was the Squire's nurse?—used to send for me always when the news came of his getting on so well at College, and read the letters to me. But it was thought odd that, from the time he left the Hall for school, Master Frank was never once sent for to see the Squire. At last, when he was preparing to study for the bar, the Squire went off, in a

great hurry, to see him in London. No one knows what passed, but instead of going on with the law, Master Frank went away to travel on the Continent. He used very often to write home, and nothing did the Squire more good than a letter from him. Indeed, I thought it strange that he should grow fonder and fonder of him, the longer he was away. But your cup is empty, Sir ; let me give you a little more toast, it is beautifully crisp, and I think some of this comb-honey would be an excellent thing for your throat."

"Thank you. It is very nice—But the Squire ?"

"Aye, Sir—a little more cream ?—the Squire went off quite suddenly. They found him on the library-floor, in a fit. He was taken up and bled, but did not live long. He spoke just a few minutes before he died, and said, 'Every thing for my son Frank.' What this meant no one knew ; and when his papers were examined, no will was found. So the estate—'tis reckoned as fully worth twenty thousand a year—went to his niece, Miss Emma Marston, and all the

other property besides. She was abroad when the Squire died, but it surely was a great thing for her—Try another cup, Sir.”

“ Has there been no whisper of Miss Marston’s getting married ?”

“ At first, Sir, many gentlemen were spoken of as being likely for her to marry,—this one because their properties joined—that one, because it seemed that they had been acquainted—and a third, because it pleased himself to report that she was all but engaged to him. But she gave encouragement to none. Just now, she has trouble enough before her, poor thing. Only think, Sir, of Master Frank’s bringing an action to get the estate from her ! It has been quite the talk of the country of late. It comes on, Sir, at the next Assizes, in March ; but I know, if there’s law or justice, he cannot win. She has done all the good she could to every one around her, and the very ground her foot touches is loved by all who know her. It is a hard thing, Sir, for Mr. Frank to claim the estate !”

“ Perhaps it may seem so ; but if his claim



be good, surely it would be as hard to keep him out of it ?”

“ Yes, Sir, but how *can* it be good ? He says that he is the Squire’s lawful son. Very good—but *who* was his mother, and how came it that we never heard of *her* ?—To think of Master Frank turning out so !”

“ Then you expected better from him, Mrs. Lee ?”

“ To be sure I did. And there’s the young lady—as beautiful as an angel, and with a voice like music—not knowing but that the law will take the estate from her. It may be law, Sir, but it is not justice. I only wish the jury was picked from this part of the country ; they’d be certain to give her the property, and transport Master Frank, at the very least.—The Squire’s lawful son, indeed ! I’d like to know how he’d prove it.”

Shortly after this tea-table gossip, (which I have given in detail, as it exhibits pretty correctly how matters stood) Mr. Mavor proceeded to pay his visit to The Hall. There he was no unwelcome guest, for its fair mistress in-

stantly recognised him as one to whom she owed so essential a service as the preservation of her life. It had chanced, four years before, during her visit to Naples, that she formed one of a pleasure party who set forth on an excursion across the Bay. The gentlemen who acted as mariners on that occasion contrived to upset one of the boats, and Miss Marston, with others of the party, had the misfortune to be precipitated into the water. Mr. Mavor, who was close at hand when the accident occurred, jumped from his own boat into the water, and succeeded in rescuing Miss Marston, who escaped without any other ill effects than a thorough wetting. The travelling arrangements of her friends compelled her to leave Naples so speedily, that her preserver had but few opportunities of seeing her. They were sufficient, however, to interest him greatly in the beauty and grace of the young lady, and to regret that fortune had never again thrown him in her way. He had not the slightest idea, often as he had heard her name, during his recent illness, as the owner

of Audley, that she was the same Miss Marston whom he had met in Italy.

What followed may be readily imagined by all who know anything of the gentle lore of love. The acquaintance thus renewed, soon blossomed into friendship, and ripened into mutual affection. For the satisfaction of the prudish, we beg to state that, after all, this process was not so *very* rapid. It was February before Mavor quitted Audley (where he had been Mrs. Lee's nominal guest, but a daily visitor at The Hall,) and assuredly four or five months constant companionship, with such antecedents as there were in this instance, is sufficient to make a gentleman and lady acquainted with each other.

Mavor left Audley, assured, with her mother's fullest concurrence, that he was anything but hateful to Emma Marston. When she frankly informed him of the claim which Francis Marston had set up for the estate, he told her, somewhat to her surprise, that, for his own part, he rather hoped the claimant would be successful : adding, when he saw her

astonishment at the remark, that, if she lost the estate, it would give him the opportunity of showing how very sincerely he loved her for herself alone.

Then they parted. Mavor was summoned to London, by urgent business, but promised to return by the time THE GREAT WILL CAUSE, as it was called—though there actually was no will in question—was to be decided.

Dwellers in London have no idea of the importance of the Assizes to people in the country. Every thing connected with them is of moment—from the appointment of High Sheriff to the trial of prisoners and causes. Twice a year the Assizes bring the magnates of the county into the principal town, where, if nought else be the result, their ladies have an opportunity of seeing the new fashions, that is, those which were new in London three months before ; of vying with their neighbours in the petty ambition of “cutting a dash ;” in short, of breaking for a time the monotony of a country life. The county magistrates frequently visit the county town whenever the

Quarter Sessions are held, but their wives and daughters do not go thither, save at Assize time, or on the occurrence of some great event—such as a Musical Festival, the Races, a Fancy Fair, or an Archery fête.

For the Assizes, too, the inhabitants of the town make ample preparations. Painters are employed to refresh the external appearance of shops, offices of business, and dwelling-houses. The tradesmen then increase their stock, (if their cash or credit enables them to do so,) and display it to the best advantage. Professional men are busy in preparing for Counsel those lengthy documents ironically called “briefs.” The interiors of all houses, in good situations, are brushed up, to prepare them as lodgings during the Assize-week. The very streets, dirty enough on ordinary occasions, are swept clean, “for this occasion only, and by particular desire.” All classes are on the *qui vive* for the Assizes. The very prisoners in the gaol, to whom suspense is often worse than actual suffering, are not sorry to know that the time is come when, if they have good fortune and

good Counsel, they may have one more chance of renewing their acquaintance with

“The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.”

We must now suppose that the time has arrived for holding the Lent Assizes for the County in which Audley is situated. The Judges, “learned in the law,” have made their stately entry into the county town, accompanied by the High Sheriff, and escorted by his Javelin-men. The Commission has been opened in Court—the Assize Sermon has been preached—the Grand Jury have been impaneled—the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality has been read—the Judge’s Charge to the Grand Jury has been delivered—the Petit Jury have been sworn in—Bills of indictment have been sent up to the Grand Jury—a “true bill” has been speedily returned—and the arraignment of the accused takes place.

Alas! what anxious moments have the prisoners who await their trials. What a tell-tale is the human countenance, when we see



it in the dock! What a wild, dazed look does the accused cast around him when he first emerges into daylight, and the gaze of the crowd, from the dark passages beneath the Court! How anxiously does he glance around, to see whether amid all that sea of faces, there be even one which he can recognize—which has anything like sympathy in its expression! How he shrinks or brightens as his glance falls upon somebody whom he has cause to fear or love! Then, what an affectation of unconcern as the Crown Counsel recapitulates the particulars of the case, carefully distinguishing what is fact, from what is presumption, but ingeniously supplying the deficiency of actual by the corroborative evidence of circumstantial proof. Then, as the witnesses touch the head of the accused man with the Crier's rod, how sudden the involuntary shrinking of the frame—how spasmodic the uncontrollable working of the features! He is aware of that—he fears that it may have a bad effect upon the jury,—he endeavours to remove the impression by assuming an

air of indifference,—he may even affect to smile, as if in pity for the witness's mistake—or, conscience-smitten, he may be stupefied or confounded by the recognition. For the first time, then, in his course of crime, he feels that there is an eye which seeth in darkness, an intelligence which pierces through the human concealments, in which guilt adroitly enwraps itself, a justice from above, which will not permit that guilt to be undiscovered and unpunished. Suppose that the case is one where the prisoner is accused of Murder—almost the only crime for which capital punishment is now inflicted. How intense the interest which is kept up during the whole trial ! How the spectators, every now and then, as a strong point comes out in evidence, turn to look at the accused and watch what impression it makes on him. How earnestly does every one listen while the defence is proceeding. How hushed the silence which precedes the summing-up of evidence by the judge. How calmly, how dispassionately, nay, how mercifully, (for the Judge is presumed to be

Counsel for the accused) does he sift the testimony of the witnesses, compare conflicting statements, point out what links in the chain of evidence are weak or wanting, notice where the charge has been rebutted, declare in what particulars it has been proved, and finally desire the jury if they have any doubt, to give the accused the benefit of it, and pronounce his acquittal. Then, how awful the interval between the Judge's summing-up, and the delivery of the verdict ! As we, who look on, count time, the space is but a few minutes, but to the wretched man at the bar, whose life is in the scale,

“ Moments like to these

Rend men's lives into immortalities.”

What a sudden lull—what a ceasing of hushed whispers—what a holding in of the breath, as the foreman turns round, and hands in the fatal scroll. What a pang, what an agony of despair thrills coldly through the prisoner's frame, as, listening with his very eyes, as it were, he hears the word *Guilty*, uttered as the verdict. That one word, carelessly pronounced

by the officer of the Court, has a terrible significance for the prisoner. It tells him, as with a voice of pealing thunder, that his days are nigh their close. When the last hour of the rich man approaches, he is carefully prepared for the tidings that his time has nearly run ; cautiously, and by degrees, the intelligence is broken to him — friends soothe his dying moments — affection smooths his pillow—the minister of religion gently leads his thoughts to the better land, where he is to meet the loved in life, “not lost, but gone before.” But that verdict of the jury!—it breaks, without alleviation or preparation, on the startled mind. There is no doubt—no soft language to cheat with hope, even against hope—no sorrowing regret—no gentle consolation ; only the one word, “*Guilty*,” which tears the husband from the wife, severs the father from his children, takes the son from his widowed mother. He may have offended, beyond human forgiveness, against the laws of heaven and earth, which are the safe-guard of civilized society, but to the wife, the children,

the parent, that rugged, guilty man, may have been affectionate and kind. He must leave them now—with no legacy but that of a dishonoured name : no memory save that of ignominy. It would seem a pitiful thing for any man, however guilty, to have such a sudden doom—but lenity to him would be injustice to others. That man must die.

Then comes the sentence of the law, delivered by the Judge. The condemned man is asked whether he has anything to say, why that sentence should not be passed upon him. There is no reply ; or, perhaps, a few wild words, denying the guilt which has been unquestionably proven, or supplicating the mercy that cannot be extended to him on this side of the grave. Meanwhile, the fatal black cap has been placed upon the Judge's head. No need, now, for the Crier to command silence. It comes unbidden. The fall of a pin upon the floor would be audible in that dreary stillness. The Judge speaks,—his voice is low, little more than a whisper, but it is heard in even the remotest corner of that vast and crowded

Court. You hear a man—aged, it may be, and worn with ill-health and mental labour—solemnly condemning to a sudden and shameful death, another man in the full bloom of youth, in the full enjoyment of health. If a savage were to be present, he could not understand it. He knows how a man full of anger, athirst for what Lord Bacon called “the wild Justice of revenge,” will have blood for blood ; but to see that aged man, with a stern gravity on his wrinkled brow, with faltering speech, with gasping breath, even with tears gliding down those furrowed cheeks, dooming that strong man to die, and the strong man patiently listening to him, without making any attempt to escape ; *that* is peculiar to Civilization, and painful though it be, is one of the safe-guards of Society.

Hark ! as the Judge concludes, a shriek rings through the Court. Is it the despairing cry of the doomed one’s wife, or mother, or daughter ? No, it is only a lady, who having waited until the close of the impressive tragedy, has gone off in hysterics. What, in the name



of decency and delicacy, do women want, out of their proper places, in a Court of Law? Why, in the name of all that is rational, does not the High Sheriff peremptorily order them out of Court, unless they have actual business there as parties or witnesses?

It is in the *Nisi Prius*, and not in the Crown Court, that the Great Will Cause, from which I have deviated a little, is to be tried. It is a Special Jury Case, the only one at the Assizes, and has excited a great sensation, not only throughout the country, but at the bar. Mr. Shaw, one of the ablest lawyers of the day, has been brought down "special" for the defendant. Not that her attorney has any apprehension of the result, but a property such as is at stake must not be perilled by the want of the best advocacy that money can procure. Knowing, also, that to give men an interest in a cause, *their* interest must be consulted, the shrewd attorney has marked heavy fees upon Counsel's briefs. Mr. Lennox, a man of some reputation and standing on the Circuit, holds a brief with Mr. Shaw; and a junior barrister

is engaged with these two, not because he is required, but because it is the etiquette, when a Counsel comes down specially, to have a third to open the pleadings, and conduct the examination of unimportant witnesses.

On the other hand, no particular preparations appear to have been made on behalf of the plaintiff. His Counsel are two gentlemen belonging to the Circuit, neither of whom has yet had the opportunity of distinguishing himself. What with the general feeling against him, as one who has brought a vexatious suit against a woman,—with the admitted disadvantage of being opposed by such lawyers as Shaw and Lennox,—and with the misfortune of being personally unknown in the county, the plaintiff is generally considered as a man without any chance of success. Already, bets are freely offered (not taken, because of “the glorious uncertainty of the law”, twenty—fifty—a hundred to one against him.

The day of trial has arrived. The Special Jury, taken from among the leading gentlemen

of the county, are duly sworn in. The Court is crowded. Now and then a whisper is heard, as some lady is favoured with a seat near the Judge, "Is that the defendant?" No, Miss Marston and her mother are not in Court. They await the issue at the Royal Oak Inn, and one of them, at least, does not want kind words to cheer her, for Mr. Mavor sits by the side of his affianced, and both of them, though anxious, are the reverse of alarmed or unhappy.

The junior Counsel for the Plaintiff, in the cause Doe on the demise of MARSTON v. MARSTON, opens the pleadings and states that in this case Francis Marston is the plaintiff, and Emma Marston the defendant; that the declaration is in ejectment to recover possession of the Manor of Audley in the county of \* \* \* \* \*, containing divers messuages and lands, with the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging; also the manorial rights, tithes of corn, grain, hay, &c., within the said Manor; as also the rectory of the parish church of Audley, as aforesaid, together with the small tithes therein; also divers messuages,

cottages, and buildings in the county aforesaid ; out of all which premises it was alleged that the defendant had ejected the plaintiff, and wrongfully kept him out of possession of the same. To this the defendant had pleaded Not Guilty, and that was the question for the Jury to try.

The Plaintiff's senior Counsel then briefly stated the case to the Jury to the following effect : that, when residing in France, the late Sacheverel Marston had married Emilie Latour ; that when this marriage took place, his father was still alive, and it was therefore considered prudent to conceal it for a time ; that the husband was induced, by circumstances which then seemed "strong as proof of Holy Writ," to suspect the fidelity of his wife ; that, on being made acquainted with these suspicions, she had quitted him, indignant at having been doubted, and too proud to vindicate herself ; and that the plaintiff, Francis Marston, was the legitimate offspring of this marriage.

The examination of witnesses followed. The first was the aged clergyman, who, thirty

years before, had solemnized the marriage, and whose certificate, dated and given at the time to the plaintiff's mother, he identified. Then were produced two witnesses of the marriage, one of them being the *bonne*, or nurse, who had attended on the plaintiff from the time of his birth, and had brought him, when a child, to England. Other evidence was adduced, to prove that the plaintiff was the legitimate son of the late owner of the Audley estates. Letters from him to the plaintiff were put in, shown to be in his hand-writing, in which he repeatedly and strongly acknowledged plaintiff's legitimacy, admitted his conviction that all suspicions of his mother's purity had been most unfounded, and besought him to seek her out, that she might come to England, and receive the tardy justice of having her innocence declared, and her rights recognised. Not even the ingenuity of Mr. Shaw, unrivalled in cross-examination, nor the shrewd ability of Mr. Lennox, could shake the testimony, so direct was it, so plain, so simple. Inch by inch, however, they fought

to the last, long after the judge had hinted his opinion that the plaintiff's case had been fully proved. Without leaving their box, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and every one felt that their decision was a proper one.

Great was the astonishment of the public, when, within three weeks after this important decision, the fashionable department of a London morning paper contained the following announcement:—"We understand that Francis Marston, Esq., of Audley, in the county of —, will immediately be married to his cousin Emma, only daughter of the late Rev. F. Marston. Our readers may recollect, that the parties in question recently figured at — assizes, as plaintiff and defendant, in the great Will cause, *Marston v. Marston*. We are in possession of the romantic incidents connected with these approaching nuptials. The delicacy which invariably actuates us, prevents our now entering into detail further than to say,—'Truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'"



It was even so. On the very evening of the day on which the trial had dispossessed Emma Marston of all her property, and when ninety-nine out of every hundred who bestowed a passing thought upon her, believed that she was breaking her heart at the loss, that young lady was in excellent spirits, having listened to certain disclosures from Mr. Mavor, whom it is high time to introduce as Francis Marston, Esq., the successful suitor in the courts of law and love.

“My father,” said he, “married when he was abroad, and, hesitating to communicate this circumstance to his father (whom he knew to be anxious for his union with the daughter of an old friend in England, and very decided in his dislike to Catholics, of whom my mother happened to be one), determined to conceal it altogether. My mother, a gay, lively, attractive Frenchwoman, was unsuited to her husband, a man of grave disposition, and fonder of literary seclusion than of pleasure. She was of high birth, high endowments, high spirit. She constantly complained of the

doubtful position in which she was placed by her marriage not being publicly acknowledged. At length, my father was induced to suspect her fidelity, and she was too proud to condescend to explain or vindicate her conduct. She abruptly quitted him, leaving me to his protection, and all search after her was in vain. No wonder that it was ; for, disgusted with the world, and severely wounded by the distrust and suspicions of the husband, for whom she had sacrificed her youth and heart, she retired to Italy, where she became the inmate of a convent. There she lingered for many years, though she never took the veil ; and thence, when on her death-bed, addressed a letter to my father, affording him irresistible proofs that he had greatly wronged her, and earnestly entreating him to do her late justice, by acknowledging their marriage, and, if he had not already done so, by proclaiming my legitimacy. She knew that my father had adopted me, and appealed, in the strongest terms, to his sense of justice. When this letter arrived, my father immediately proceeded

to London, where I then was ; laid it before me, explained every circumstance of his early life, and enjoined me to proceed, without delay, to Italy, whither his own ill health would not permit him to go ; to seek out my mother, to supplicate her pardon for him, to make every endeavour, and use every persuasion, to prevail on her to come to England, where the acknowledgment she was entitled to should be most publicly made : or if, as he apprehended, I should arrive too late, to obtain the fullest proofs of the marriage, for he had quitted France so suddenly, that he had not been able to procure them, had he even wished, at that time to retain such evidence of what, promising him much happiness, had thrown a blight upon his whole course of life.

“ I can scarcely account for the caprice which made me resolve, while executing my father’s commands, not to bear his name. One reason was, that as I should have to hold intercourse with my mother’s family, I was unwilling to appear before them bearing the name of him who had so deeply wronged her.

I assumed the name of Mavor, and thus made the acquaintance of the Count de Latour, my mother's brother. When I found myself decidedly a favourite, I stated who I was, and what my mission. I learned that I had arrived too late. My mother had died soon after writing that letter which had awakened "the late remorse of love" in her husband's heart. Her family were anxious to clear her fame ; and the Count and myself proceeded to Italy, to search among her papers for the proofs of the marriage. We were in this pursuit when I first saw you at Naples. For a long time, we could not find the clergyman who celebrated, nor the witnesses who were present at, the marriage. In the interim, my father died, —died, too, without having made the acknowledgment that he had married Emilie Latour, and that I was their son. The estates descended to you as heir-at-law ; and I can only wonder at my not having surmised that you, whom I had met at Naples, were the Miss Marston against whom, when our proofs were all complete and collected, the duty I

owed alike to my mother's memory and to my own position, compelled me to take law proceedings.

“Of the success of the suit, I never entertained any doubt. My first impulse was to lay the evidence before you, confident that you would not resist my claims, if you saw how well-founded they were. With this view, I proceeded to Audley. There, being attacked by illness, the kindness I, a stranger, received from you, made me more than ever anxious to spare you the surprise and expense of a trial. I saw you. I recognised you as my Naples acquaintance of whom I had often thought. I found myself more and more interested in you. I then resolved, to avoid the worldly imputation of having sought you for your fortune, to run into the opposite extreme. It was imperative, too, to vindicate my mother's fame, to fulfil my father's wishes. I have done so. I am ready, my dearest Emma, if I have deprived you of a fortune, to return it to you—burthened, it is true, with myself.”

The offer was frankly made, was frankly

accepted. Is it requisite to prolong the story, and describe how the marriage was celebrated? No; let it suffice to know that the cousins lost as little time as possible in returning to Audley: that the nuptials were solemnized amid the good wishes and blessings of all who had experienced Miss Marston's kindness, while owner of the estate: that Mrs. Lee had the Marston Arms magnificently painted and gilt, in honor of the union, but vowed that she could scarcely forgive "Master Frank," for not having told *her* who he was: and that as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of married mortals, is enjoyed by the Plaintiff and Defendant in The Great Will Cause!

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This was the last story related on our first evening at Matlock. We held a council as to the best mode of employing ourselves during the following day. My own local knowledge was of some advantage in fixing the programme. With vehicles and horses at com-



mand, we were within accessible distance of a variety of places well worth seeing.

North of Matlock are many points which may be pleasantly visited. At the extremity of Darley Dale is that admirable inn, the "Peacock," at Rowsley, which is reached after traversing from Matlock through the beautiful valley of the Derwent,—the transition from the majestic grandeur of the Tors at Matlock, and the far-extending valley in which Rowsley stands, being not the least remarkable. Through it now runs a Railway, which changes the peculiar character of the scene, while it certainly makes it more accessible to the many than it was in the time when I first knew it. But not even "improvement" can wholly destroy the beauty of such places. The confluence of the Wye with the Derwent, which artists have loved to sketch, and travellers have delighted to admire, remains,—the windings of the river are unchanged,—the view up the valley of the Derwent, from Rowsley Bridge, continues to attract admiration,—and, within a few paces of the bridge,

still flourishes "The Peacock," which looks rather like such a residence as a country gentleman would have reared in the Elizabethan reign, than an inn in the heart of a romantic district. Within the last five-and-twenty years, how many distinguished men have sojourned in that comfortable hostelry! Artists and statesmen, botanists and geologists,—men of letters and of science,—black-letter lawyers and grave physicians, have resorted thither, for the brethren of the angle abound in all professions, and the trout and the greyling in the Derwent and the Wye are numerous enough for all who cast the line. And after the day's employment,—self-imposed tasks which are relaxation to minds ordinarily occupied with grave and pressing thought,—to come home to the pleasant hospitality which "The Peacock" affords to all who pay, (nor need the purse be very heavy when moderation actuates the host,) is the very height of rational enjoyment, and enviable by those who, unfortunately, are "in populous city pent," by occupations which admit of scanty holidays.

Nearly half-way between "The Peacock" at Rowsley, and the old town of Bakewell, (built nearly a thousand years ago, by the Saxon King Edward,) it is well to turn aside and visit Haddon Hall. The rich pasturage of the Vale of Haddon sweeps between the two places, and, in the centre, on a hill which abruptly rises from the Wye, stands Haddon Hall, which, seen through the trees by which it is surrounded, appears to realize the idea which the mind forms of one of the ancient fortalices, in which the baron sought refuge from the encroachments of the monarch, and from which he sometimes hurled defiance at the kingly power. Here, in the olden time, those Vernons — whose wealth and power, caused them to be called "Kings of the Peak," — lived in hospitable splendour. Here are still retained evidences of the magnificent manner in which the lords of the ancient time kept house. But, in the imperishable pages of Scott, the past has been made to live again, and the best idea of Haddon, next to what can be obtained from personal observation, is to be found in

his "Peveril of the Peak," the Martindale Hall of which is but a description of the more striking points of Haddon. The great hall with its oaken wainscot, capacious fire-place, and raised dais,—the dining-room, with its quaint carvings, oak panels, and rich gildings,—the drawing-room with its curious tapestry,—the immense gallery, which was honoured, it is said, by Queen Elizabeth's "treading a measure" in it, at the ball given when it was opened,—the antique gardens, the terraces, the lime-tree avenue—and, to crown all, the beautiful views from the summit of the Eagle tower, form a combination of attractions, such as are rarely to be met, and, in truth, are almost peculiar to Haddon. The novelist, the painter, the poet, and the antiquarian, have found something wonderfully suggestive in Haddon Hall, and good feeling, as well as good taste, has been shown by the Manners' family, (to whom it came by intermarriage with the Vernons,) in carefully keeping it up, even as we see it now. Appropriately, therefore, do the peacock, the crest of the Manners, and the

boar's head, that of the Vernons, meet the eye in the principal apartments of that noble building. It is almost desolate now, for the Duke of Rutland prefers Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire, with its more modern appliances for comfort, and indeed, it may be doubted, whether it does not impress the mind more effectually in this state, than if it were crowded with the "troops of friends," who might be attracted there by modern hospitality. Unless the ancient apparel, arms, and attendants could be brought back into the ancient Hall, there would be that incongruity which invariably arises from the admixture of new and antique things and persons. As it is, Haddon Hall, is one of our best relics of the olden time,—it is at once interesting and picturesque, and to have seen it is something which one would not willingly have missed.

Within so easy a distance of Haddon, that a pedestrian can cover the ground in less than an hour, even if he walk by the side of the Derwent, stands Chatsworth, "The Palace of the Peak,"—as it was called long before it deserved

the appellation so well as it does now. We resolved to visit both places, the next day, to contrast the massive grandeur of the old Baronial hall, with the magnificence of the new and splendid palace.

Our whole party started, soon after breakfast, for Haddon, which we examined with great pleasure and admiration. Returning to "The Peacock" at Rowsley, we had personal experience, by means of an abundant luncheon, that fame had not over-rated the goodness of the "creature comforts" which were there supplied.

Leaving our vehicles at Rowsley, we went to Chatsworth, on foot, by the side of the Derwent,—a charming walk, which leads quite into Chatsworth Park. What occasion is there to describe what pen and pencil have so often, and so well delineated?

The contrast between Haddon and Chatsworth struck us, as it strikes every one, as a contrast between the Past and the Present. If the picturesque antiquity of one edifice be charming, not less pleasing is



the modern refinement of the other. To me, Chatsworth was a familiar place, for I had often visited it—not only in the ordinary manner, by payment of the usually expected *douceur*, but on a memorable occasion which had occurred in the previous year (1832), when the Duchess of Kent was a guest, in company with her youthful daughter, the Princess Victoria. On that occasion, the state apartments had been thrown open *en suite*, and—stretching as they do through the whole length of that palatial mansion—a vista was formed of between seven and eight hundred feet. There, —with brilliant lights, attendants in gorgeous liveries, guests sparkling with jewels, music breathing melody throughout the evening, and the adornments of the room rich beyond even our ideas of Eastern luxury,—the future Queen of England, then a child of some thirteen years, sate as the guest of one of England's richest and most exalted nobles. Nor were the adornments of these rooms such as mere wealth could produce. A pervading and in-

tellectual spirit had presided over all ; and statues, vases, pictures, books, and a varied collection of other articles of art and *vertu* bore testimony to the taste as well as the fortune of their possessor.

Our Matlock party, thanks to my own previous knowledge of Chatsworth, loitered through its noble apartments, and rich galleries, without being compelled to depend on the information supplied by the persons who usually showed the place.

The great Conservatory was then not erected—I write of 1833—but, in a building containing rare plants and flowers, were then to be seen bassi-relievi of Morning and Night, by Thorwaldsen. The Sculpture Gallery had not then been erected ; but the collection already included many beautiful specimens of Art, among which is that colossal bust of Napoleon, which alone gives a *full* idea of the mental capacity of him who was legislator, as well as soldier and sovereign. And there, too, we saw the sitting statue

of Napoleon's Mother—worthy of *him*, the greatest man, all points considered, who ever rose, and reigned, and fell."

We lingered on those terraces which the fairy feet of lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart had so often trod. We marvelled at the splendid gardens, in which the entire vegetable world appears to be represented. We lost ourselves amid the leafy woods and the romantic glades, startling the bright-eyed fawns in their resting-places. We saw the play of the artificial waterfall, and the upward spring of the fountains, breaking into spray above the trees, and falling like shattered diamonds when viewed between the sunshine. As our feet pressed the velvet and elastic sward of that rich demesne, we could fully appreciate the delicate truth and gallantry of the farewell compliment spoken to a former Duke of Devonshire, by Marshal Tallard (whom the great Marlborough had taken prisoner at Blenheim), "that all the time he had spent at Chatsworth, he should not

think of counting as part of his captivity in England."

Sauntering back to "The Peacock," we reached Matlock at too late an hour for an advanced sitting, and too much overcome with pleasant fatigue for any enjoyment except repose. So, deciding on having the morrow as a day of rest, we had no story-telling that night, but each sought his pillow, thereon to hope for "rosy dreams and slumbers light."

END OF VOL. I.

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